

# The TATLER

Vol. CXVIII. No. 1528.

London, October 8, 1930

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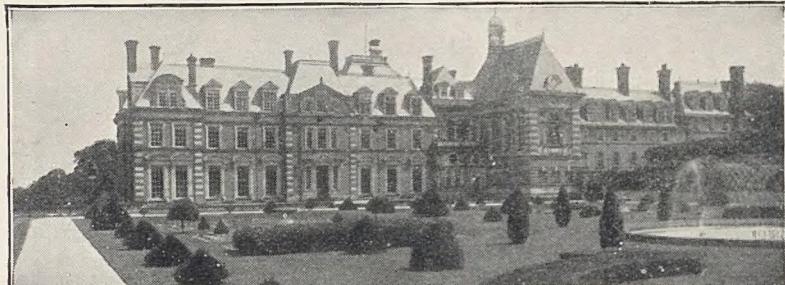
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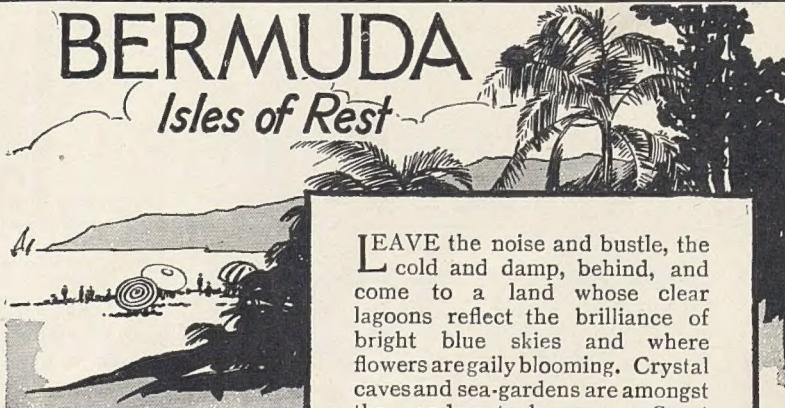
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# The TATLER



Vol. CXVIII. No. 1528.

London, October 8, 1930



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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE  
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Since this picture of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and his brother going to Craithie Church, Balmoral, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has come south again, and after shooting with Sir William Portal in Hampshire returned to York House. H.R.H. is entertaining the Dominion Premiers and Ministers at four dinner-parties at York House, on October 15, 17, 27, and 28. These are additional to the official dinner-party at Buckingham Palace given by Their Majesties to the Colonial Premiers

# The Letters of Eve



THE PORTMAN SHROTON FAIR MEET

Chas. E. Brown

The Portman's cubbing fixture at Shroton is one of the events of the season ; hunting first, roundabouts and cocoa-nut shies and so forth afterwards. Hambledon Hill, on which this picture was taken is an excellent natural grand stand for the fox-catching part of it. In this group of some of the gallery, left to right, are : Captain Noel Livingstone-Learmonth, who is one of the hon. secs. of the Portman, Miss Pearson, Mrs. Cuningham, Frances, Lady Portman, and Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth

More pictures of this event in next week's TATLER



Paul Tanqueray

MRS. RONALD BALFOUR

A beautiful photographic study which is on view in Mr. Paul Tanqueray's Exhibition at his new studio at 8, Dover Street. Mrs. Ronald Balfour, who was married last April, was Miss Deirdre Hart-Davies, a daughter of Mr. Richard Hart-Davies and of the late Mrs. Hart-Davies, and a niece of Mr. Duff Cooper. Mr. Ronald Balfour is a son of the late Brig.-General Sir Alfred Balfour

**F**ORGIVE me, my dear, for so frequently failing to recount events in chronological order. When time and space disagree with posts it is impossible to practice the politeness of princes, so "better late than never" must introduce the following picture from a Scottish pen.

Eight o'clock of a lovely morning. A venerable grey background to crisp green turf. Huge, excited, but orderly crowds of early risers. A tall figure in a greyish-blue tweed, diamond-patterned pull-over and stockings, blue shirt, and red tie. A small white sphere, a steel-shafted club, a hush, a swing—and 200 yards down the centre of the fairway went the drive with which the Royal captain of the Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews played himself in.

Outwardly the Duke of York was the essence of composure, though probably he experienced the sinking feeling attendant on ordeals, and possibly gave a passing thought to Bateman's version of disaster on this famous 1st tee. However, H.R.H. certainly acquitted himself to the admiration of acute observers, whose loyalty, staunch as it is, would not blind them to bad golf.

\* \* \*

**A**fter a dinner-party, attended by ex-captains and their wives, the Duke was present at the Golf Ball, wearing his captain's scarlet coat, which he "suited" well—to reverse in the



MAJOR AND MRS. ASTON AT THE PORTMAN SHROTON MEET

Chas. E. Brown

Major H. W. Aston of Preston House, Iwerne Minster, is joint hon. sec. with Captain Livingstone-Learmonth, of the Portman Hunt. The Portman, apart from any other distinctions, number Peter Beckford as one of their supporters. He was born in Steepleton, four miles north of Blandford, and died there in 1811

proper Scottish manner, the more usual phrase. Plenty of buds were at the ball, too many to mention, all looking demure and almost pre-War in their long frocks. Among them was Miss Lorna Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Blackwell's daughter and a niece of the well-known golfing brothers. She has the good fortune to possess russet hair, and this provided a glowing contrast to her white georgette frock.

Miss Barrington Ward, the Miss Crosby Johnsons, and Miss Jean M'Ewen were others being launched on the social seas, and noticeable among the rather more sophisticated was the green-clad figure of attractive Miss Helen Skene, daughter of the retiring captain, Colonel P. G. M. Skene of Pitlour. Miss Lydia Mayne wore black-flowered ninon, and Miss Anne Gilmour, Sir John and Lady Gilmour's daughter, was in red.

I have given the young girls priority of mention, they being most active in the general mobility, but others who added *décor* were Lady Stewart-Sandeman, Lady Irvine, wife of the Principal of St. Andrews University, and Lady Dunedin, whose red lace frock was generally appreciated.

During the afternoon the Duke of York had personally presented the two silver bowls which each new captain has to provide and which are competed for on the Ladies' Links. This ended his official duties, and everyone felt that Royalty had done very handsomely by the old grey town.

The day after the ball meant a day after the ball in the Mixed Foursomes (handicap), and this year a strong chilling wind saw to it that no one got the better of bogey. The winners, who finished two down, were Mrs. C. S. Everard and Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Boyd, the noted Irish golfer, but Mrs. Mayne and that mighty hitter, Mr. John Morrison, would have tied for first place had not Mr. Morrison sliced his drive to the 18th down Granny Clark's Wynd, which is out of bounds, and so lost the hole instead of halving it.

The actual win on Medal Day was most sensational. Everyone imagined that Mr. Wethered was the victor with 78, and most people, thinking the fun was over, had gone home. But a nasty knock was in store for Mr. Wethered's hopes, the deliverer of this blow being, very appositely Mr. Nock, who, came in last of all the field, and proceeded to return a 77. This gave him the King William IV Medal, the Silver Boomerang (handicap prize), and the Glennie Medal for the best aggregate score of spring and autumn meetings. A case of the last being first with a vengeance.

\* \* \*

I will now take you a little farther south, namely, to Lanark races. Here anyone with a moment to spare from contemplating equine contests would undoubtedly have observed a leopard-skin coat, discovering on closer inspection that it contained the attractive person of Miss Jean Scott. With her were two more of the neighbourhood's pleasing products, namely, Lady Bridget and Lady Rachel Home.

If further proof of Lady King Stewart's popularity were needed it was provided by the posse of friends constantly conversing with her. Her husband is Lanarkshire's Lord-Lieutenant, and they brought a big party with them from Murdostoun Castle.

One occupant of the members' enclosure had lots of fun with his ciné camera, and so professional was the ruthlessness with which he took aim that several people were deceived into assuming what they imagined to be film faces.

Thanks to Pommame going the pace without *arrière pensée*, Mr. Joseph Benson secured the famous Silver Bell, but as he was not present to receive it Mrs. John Stewart of Cleghorn handed the trophy to Elsey, her accompanying few words being very well chosen indeed.

\* \* \*

Major Alan Murdoch of Coulter being a first-rate organizer, everyone arrived at the Lanark ball with great expectations of a diverting evening, and they were not disappointed. Pretty faces were as plentiful as pretty frocks, among the owners of both being Miss Kathleen Mitchell in aquamarine satin, and Mrs. "Teddy" Estcourt (until quite recently Miss June Looker), whose parchment-coloured frock had the nattiest of little lace capes.

Mrs. Stephen Mitchell of Gilkersleugh, in just the right shade of amethyst velvet, was taking her duties of chaperone to a large and juvenile company in the best possible spirit. Miss Margaret Orr, was also very evidently finding life great fun. She only came out a short time ago, the event being marked by a quite excellent dance.

Lord Clydesdale must not be forgotten, though



Abbé  
MAJOR JACK COATS, MISS PEGGY JOYCE, AND CAPTAIN "BABE" WHITE

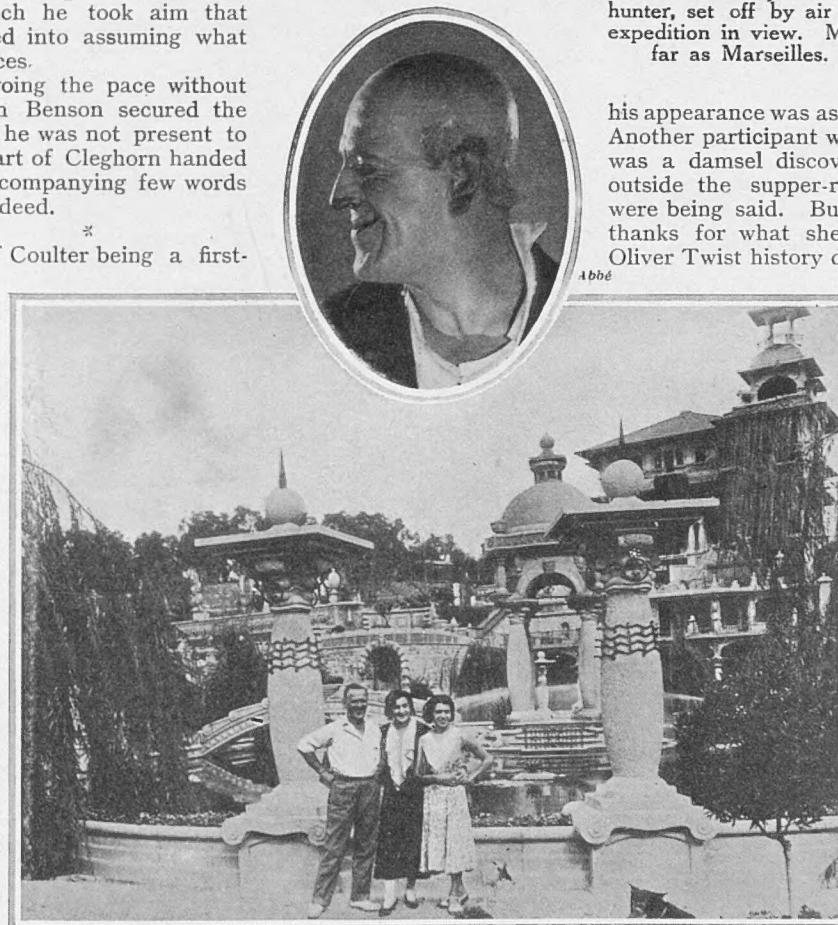
At the gates of the French naval air field at Fréjus just before Major Coats and Captain White, the well-known white hunter, set off by air for Nairobi, with a shooting expedition in view. Miss Joyce flew with them as far as Marseilles. More details on page 54

his appearance was as fleeting as it was picturesque. Another participant who attracted some attention was a damsel discovered in a prayerful attitude outside the supper-room door when good-byes were being said. But whether she was returning thanks for what she had received or emulating Oliver Twist history does not relate.

\* \* \*

It is not every bride who can have a world-famous tenor to sing at her wedding, but in Ireland all things are possible, and when Miss Dease married Mr. William Bland not long ago, Count John McCormack made music in the church to such tune that the ceremony was made memorable to the quantities of friends who foregathered. In addition to this superlative contribution, he also supplied a bridesmaid daughter most agreeable to look at, as were the others who shared her responsibilities. An Irish marriage has the effect of producing an appearance of bursting benevolence in everyone implicated, particularly when the causes of the uproar are so popular. On this occasion well-wishers flocked from all directions, whether rolling in Royces or ambling in ass-carts.

(Continued on p. 54)



"GROCK"—AND HIS PALACE AND HIS FAMILY

"Grock," the most famous clown in all the world, is definitely retiring, but before he cracks his last joke he has promised to come and bid farewell to London, for he says we in England have the quickest sense of humour. Grock's real name is Adrien Wettach, and the palace he has built for himself at Oneglia cost more than £100,000, has thirty-six rooms, gardens, and a large park. Grock is seen with his wife, Maria Capri from Turin, and his daughter Bianca, who is a famous pianist

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Proposing to profit by the cold, dull lesson the weather taught them at Newbury on Autumn Cup Day, most people arrived at Newmarket encased in the most chill proof of wrappings, only to find they had got the answer wrong again, the day being one of the hottest and sunniest of the whole month of September.

To the majority the results of the racing were not exhilarating, for favourite after favourite went down until the end of the day by which time most of us had quite lost heart.

The supporters to be seen consisted almost entirely of the people who are certainties at Newmarket. This means, of course, Lord and Lady Stanley, both of whom kept their excitement to themselves when Lord Derby's Fara beat the Mumtaz filly, Mah Mahal; the de Traffords, the George Lambtons, Carnarvons, Brograve Beau-champs, Cunliffe-Owens, and the rest.

Lady Carnarvon, by the way, had deserted her favourite and almost inevitable blue, and appeared in a reddish-brown check coat and skirt on the first day, while Lady Chesham wore a close-fitting black velvet cap with a tweed coat matching its natural red-fox collar.

Others in evidence were Lord Londesborough, Mrs. William Murray in a neat blue and white-flecked tweed, Mrs. Neville, who looked extremely well all in black, Miss Monica Sheriffe, and Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, whose entire turn-out was shrimp-pink. Then there was Lady Godfrey Faussett, whom one rarely sees racing except at Newmarket, Lord Cadogan, and Lord and Lady Rosebery. Lady Fitzwilliam, in green, and her sister-in-law, Lady George Dundas, were together, and other very familiar sights were Lord Lonsdale, Sir Walter Gilbey, and his quite unique bowler, and Baron Frank de Tuyl.

\* \* \*

D<sup>o</sup> you remember, as a child learning that "life is mostly froth and bubble" which always sounded an insecure and dampish condition to me? It certainly seems to get flatter as years go by and everyone either has a job or is looking for one, which leaves less time for more frivolous proceedings. One of the people who is having a dart at founding a business of his own is Captain Chris Mackintosh of football and ski-ing fame.

Judging by his enthusiasm and energy, the motive power at his disposal should get him some distance on the road to success. He already runs a small hotel at Mürren during the winter and now is starting a new shop to provide the necessary equipment for the perfect snow man or woman.

An expert will of course be present to give advice, but unfortunately it is not possible to purchase the skill and courage which is Captain Mackintosh's chief asset. His wife, Lady Jean, is the elder daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and she knows little about fear either, having hunted all her life and ridden in many point-to-points.

\* \* \*

T he afore-mentioned undertaking will have the knowledgeable support which Miss Sale-Barker is able to give to everything concerned with ski-ing, snow, and Switzerland. She has attained an inhuman proficiency in keeping her feet on slippery slopes, and looks attractive all the time; the "Tousle Test" is one which I commend for the consideration of the British Ski Club as few people look

well after the eighty-second bouleversement in heavy snow. Miss Yolande de Belabre is another who is going to assist Captain Mackintosh in this new venture. She was supping the other night at one of the smallest and quietest of the favoured evening haunts, looking slim and pretty. She knows well how to wear her clothes, dances divinely, and is better read than most of us.

Miss de Belabre should be a good business woman, the half of her which isn't French being Scotch. She is grand-daughter of Sir Robert McAlpine, who founded the family fortune, and is as enthusiastic and clear-headed now, at the age of eighty-three, as he was when he first started to work at building and concrete. He, by the way, is responsible for the new edition of Dorchester House, which is rising rapidly and is to be ready in the spring.

\* \* \*

M ajor Jack Coats holds quite different views on the subject of employment, and decided a year ago that commerce was a tame game compared with taking chances in other directions. He therefore proceeded to relinquish his hold on the family business in favour of being jointly a Master of Hounds and a master of baccarat. To undertake either of these occupations successfully good nerve is essential. That this is Major Coats' property anyone who had seen him backing himself against the field at the Juan les Pins casino this summer would agree. But even he has found the odds rather too long and considers himself fully qualified to endorse the theory that gambling and "mugs" are good companions.

He is now well away on the fresh occupation to which I alluded last week, namely the pursuit of gorillas and gibbons in the Belgian Congo, having travelled from Fréjus to Nairobi by air. He is financing the expedition and the victims are intended for the Field Museum in Chicago, so that future generations of gangsters may have a look at their probable progenitors.

\* \* \*

A big feature of the expedition is Captain "Babe" White, the 6 ft. 6 in. American white hunter, who weighed down the scales in favour of eliminating superfluous flying luggage. Miss Peggy Joyce, internationally famous for her several lucrative marriages, came over from Cannes to see the start and did her best to be taken too, as a *porte bonheur*, but had to be content with a flight to Marseilles.

Captain Black piloted the machine, and on arrival at Fréjus from England, his landing in error and unannounced on the French Naval air field horrified the owners, who contemplated keeping the 'plane a prisoner. However in the end all was well.

A moving ceremony occurred as the 'plane circled over the Casino at Juan les Pins before proceeding on its 7,000-miles way. Major Coats could be seen to lean out and, with every appearance of emotion, drop an imaginary wreath in memory of lost hopes. *Experientia docet sapientiam!*—Ever, EVE.

*This week's issue of THE TATLER contains a supplement of the official photograph of the delegates from the Colonies, Dominions, and Dependencies attending the Imperial Conference at 10, Downing Street.*



AT NORTH BERWICK

Balmoral

The Hon. Esmé Glyn, the younger of Lord and Lady Wolverton's two daughters. Behind are the Countess Hochberg and Grace Countess of Wemyss



MRS. ROBERT MACAULAY FANSHAWE

Who was married last Thursday, October 2, at St. Martin in the Fields, to Mr. Robert Macaulay Fanshawe, 16th/5th Lancers, is the daughter of the late Mr. J. H. Ismay of Iwerne Minster, Dorset, and Mrs. J. H. Ismay of The Cottage, Bembridge, Isle of Wight. The bridegroom is the son of Lieut.-General Sir E. A. and Lady Fanshawe

## SOCIETY AND THE CAMERA



LADY DERWENT

Lord Derwent, who succeeded to the title in 1929, married the daughter of General Iliescu, Chief of the General Staff of the Rumanian Army. The late Lord Derwent had no son, and the present peer is the son of the late Hon. Edward Vanden-Bempde-Johnstone, who was the second son of the first Lord Derwent. Lord Derwent's elder brother was in the Navy and was killed at the Battle of Jutland in 1916. Lord Derwent was for some time an honorary attaché in the Diplomatic Service. He was born in 1899. He has a beautiful seat at Scarborough. Lady Elizabeth Yorke is the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke's only daughter and was presented by her mother at one of this Season's Courts

*Photograph by Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*



LORD DERWENT



LADY ELIZABETH YORKE

# The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

## Bravo, Elstree!

HERE are some critics who, when a book is about to be made into a play or film, rush *instanter* to the library and devour something which no other set of circumstances would have persuaded them to tackle. A good case might be made out for the influence of the theatre and film upon reading, and it is even arguable that present-day knowledge of the works of Charles Dickens is entirely derived from the impersonations of Mr. Bransby Williams. But that is by the way. My more immediate point is that I make the contrary practice my invariable rule. Thus it came about that when I entered the Alhambra to see the film to which Mr. Hitchcock has given the inelegant but unmistakable title of *Murder* I had no knowledge of the book upon which it is founded. The programme informs me that the novel in question is Miss Clemence Dane's *Enter Sir John*, and the programme should know. If the novel is as good as the film then Miss Dane has put together a first-class thriller with hardly a weak spot. There is, however, one weak spot, and in accordance with the general cussedness of things it is the spot upon which the whole story hinges.

The jury in the case was asked to believe that Diana Baring, a young and attractive actress, invited another actress to her lodgings and for entirely insufficient motive hit her over the head with a poker. Before I go any further I should like to ask how long the fiction is going to persist that all women who murder or are murdered are young and attractive. It is not so long ago that one read how the body of an attractive young woman *minus the head* was found under a currant-bush at Pevensey. One must suppose that no member of the reading public would be interested in the murder of a normally repulsive typist or nurse-girl, or care how a thin-nosed woman with a squint behaved herself in the dock. Our newspapers appear to hold the view that if murder is not sexual it ought to be. On the films one understands the necessity at all costs for a good-looking heroine, which in this film Diana Baring, played by Miss Norah Baring, duly is. Sir John is a famous actor-manager, and Miss Dane surely stretched the arm of coincidence a little when she made him send Diana into the provinces to learn her job—though that's what the provinces are for—and afterwards sit on the jury trying the girl for murder. Miss Dane may justly retort that it is no use having a long arm if neither of them uses it, so we will let that pass too. Diana's defence is that if she did the murder she did it in one of those attacks of epilepsy which modern medicine has made so popular. The scene in the jury-room is first class, brilliantly acted by everybody concerned, and most imaginatively photographed.

Mr. R. E. Jeffrey plays the Foreman and runs away with the honours of this part of the film, and if I have spelled his name wrongly it is because this actor's name is not on the programme, which also omits the names of Miss Clare Greet, Miss Drusilla Wills, Mr. Kenneth Kove, and eight or ten other capital players. So like a programme. Mr. Jeffrey is master of a naturalness which is so completely effective that I do not suppose he will ever be seen on the films again. Probably the stars don't like it, for stars have a habit, when they are eclipsed, of twinkling furiously—an observation obtained from scanning not the heavens but Shaftesbury Avenue. In my view the jury could not possibly have condemned Diana, to which Miss Dane may retort, again justly, that if the verdict had been otherwise there would have been no book. Sir John, however, shared my view and so, though he had given his vote for guilty, entered upon those investigatory processes in which the police are such notorious duffers, and at which every amateur shines. There is a passage here which shows that Miss Dane has had touch with the Intellectual Drama. "It is the business of art," says Sir John, "to interpret life," after which he proceeds to ask whether it may not be the business of life to interpret art. This little bit of the film is rather foolish, and I felt happier when Sir John started nosing into the facts of the case. Sir John is played by Mr. Herbert Marshall, whose genius is such that it can get the better even of the high-falutin' and make it sound like sense. But from this moment I have no hesitation in saying that I sat enthralled, a considerable feat in the middle of a



MARILYN MORGAN IN "BRIGHT LIGHTS"

Beautiful Marilyn Morgan is yet another Ziegfeld Folly who has been co-opted by the movies, and though she has yet to climb the ladder is showing great promise. Dorothy Mackail is the star in "Bright Lights"

half-empty theatre and a wholly empty afternoon. The murderer, as probably every reader of this page knows, turns out to be a half-caste trapeze-artist masquerading as a woman, and who appears to copy in every detail the performance of that well-known music-hall performer, Barbette. Mr. Esmé Percy plays this part in a manner which might or might not exceed belief. I say this because perhaps not everybody remembers his extraordinary performance of the Russian Countess in the Sitwells' *All at Sea*.

But before we see Mr. Percy dive from the roof—which means that unless a substitute is engaged this actor is even more versatile than one had thought him—there is a most ingenious scene in which Sir John, taking a hint from the third Act of *Hamlet*, invites Mr. Percy to play the lead in a drama written round the crime of which he was the undetected author. The plot fails, but only just, after which we are taken to the circus. Frankly, I expected Mr. Percy to fall from the roof and make confession of his villainy on the sawdust below. But this does not happen, and what does it would be unfair to reveal. Sufficient to say that it is magnificent film stuff, after which Diana emerges from an obviously *papier maché* prison stuck together with glue. I suppose one ought to make the scenic concessions one makes in the theatre. But one cannot help where 98 per cent. is realism hankering after the other 2 per cent.

To sum up, this is an entertainment as sane as it is thrilling. There is an admirable performance in it by Mr. Edward Chapman and another good one by Mr. S. J. Warmington. Mr. Hitchcock's production is first-class throughout, I was sorry when the film came to an end, and the whole is about five times as good as the average American rubbish. Films of this quality make one realize that there is room for the talkies on the film as well as the silent drama, though I will never put it higher than that. Talking of drama, how else does any person outside Bedlam imagine that our villagers, herdsmen, and crofters, say on the sides of Shap Fell, are going to see such a play and such a cast?

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxxiv

# SCOTLAND CALLING

Sporting Meetings in the Lowlands



MR. FORBES OF CALLENDAR, LORD LINDSAY, MRS. HICKSON, AND MR. ROBERTSON-AIKMAN AT THE CALEDONIAN HUNT MEETING HELD AT HAMILTON PARK



SIR JOHN AND LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE



ALSO AT HAMILTON PARK: LORD CHURCHILL AND LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL



LORD AND LADY AILSA AND GENERAL AND LADY FLORENCE POORE AT AYR FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SHEEP-DOG TRIALS

Three of these pictures contain distinguished members of the Caledonian Hunt Club, that venerable company of sporting Scottish persons which recently met for racing purposes at Hamilton Park, near Glasgow. Mr. Forbes of Callendar is one of Stirlingshire's notabilities. Lord Lindsay is the popular Master of the Fife Hounds, and Sir "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine controls the destinies of the Dumfriesshire as well as owning a string of good race-horses. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell is a Deputy-Lieutenant for Lanarkshire and Brigadier of the Royal Company of Scottish Archers. When Ayr staged sheep-dog trials last week interested onlookers were present in plenty, among them Lord Ailsa, who is Ayrshire's Lord-Lieutenant and a big landowner. Lady Florence Poore is the Duke of Hamilton's youngest sister. Her husband used to be in the 7th Hussars

# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

**I**T goes without saying that it was, as always, wet and cold at Newbury. How the ancient waiters who are employed at this venue in the grill-room have contrived to stand the climate and keep their circulation going so long without ever perceptibly moving is a mystery. Several of the ladies have adopted a special Newbury kit which has not, so far, appeared elsewhere, consisting of what is practically a brown bowler hat, a high-necked sweater, and a mackintosh. The usual hand-bag looks out of place with this costume, and the idea should be carried out with a small box of tools containing the rubber, sponge, lip-stick, spit-black, etc.

His Majesty won his first race of the season with Patrick in the United Services Cup, which he won by ten lengths, but one cannot visualize him meeting such a deplorable lot of horses again and he is unlikely to add to the brackets, more's the pity. Dr. Doolittle from Stockbridge, on his first appearance anyway, did all that was required, but not in the style expected. He has, however, plenty of scope for improvement, and will leave this form behind next time.

Captain Mark Leyland looks to have made a sound move in claiming Mr. Jack Joel's Daft out of the two-year-old selling race on the Saturday, as this youngster appeared to have the race at his mercy all the way, and presumably his jockey couldn't get the best out of him at the finish. He will win a selling race.

Great Sand has been a very disappointing horse, and in the mile-and-a-half selling race he could only finish second, though Mr. Harry Brown, who could coax results out of a towel-horse, managed to win a race with him earlier on.

One of the oddest races at the meeting was the Donnington Castle maiden plate, for which Decorum was a hot favourite. A hundred yards from home he dropped right out, and then suddenly coming again, went on apparently to win with some ease by a neck. To the astonishment of spectators and jockeys alike, the race was given a dead heat, which all goes to show that if the judge has difficulty in placing the first three when he can see them, one stands a very moderate chance of guessing the placings of the first five for the prize of a tenner "which must be won," given by some of the more foolhardily generous papers.

The dead going at Newbury probably gives a better Cesarewitch trial than most other courses, and from the smooth way in which Brumeux won the Newbury Cup without an effort, his penalty should not have stopped him beating the others at Newmarket, but his owner has decided otherwise and scratched him. Is this a sign-post to Ramon or Coligny II? At the same time, in all his races West Wicklow has produced an astonishing burst of speed at the end, and the horse that can do this and get the trip as we know he does must always have a great Cesarewitch chance. If the going remains as heavy as it is at present there will be no burst of speed in the business, and the race will be won by sheer plugging. Under these conditions I think Brown Jack will probably win, and for a certainty be placed, leaving West Wicklow and Friendship to fight out the other places.

The innovation of loud-speakers dotted about in the trees in the paddock at Newbury is not a happy one. A continuous stream of unnecessarily garulous information drowns all conversation and is for the most part useless. One can mark one's card in a quarter of the time from the board, and with a large number of runners the odds given out at stated intervals take so long to broadcast that by the end they bear very little relation to the figures. The



LORD COWLEY, CAPTAIN O. M. D. BELL, AND LADY BROOKE

At the Newmarket October Sales last week. Lord Cowley was formerly in the 5th Lancers and is a well-known member of the dramatic profession. Captain O. M. D. Bell is the famous Lambourn trainer—won the Derby for Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen with Felstead—and trains Lion-Hearted for the same owner, which horse is second favourite for the Cambridgeshire



LORD ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX

An impression by "The Tout" of a familiar figure at the meetings. Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox is a brother of the Duke of Richmond

whole thing is a bore and could only conceivably be used to broadcast important long-distance races in running.

The card for the first day at Newmarket needs overhauling badly. Two of the races are small selling races, two closed nearly three years ago, and one closed *nearly five* years ago. These tizzy snatching contests practically never produce an interesting race or more than four or five runners; and the last race, a handicap for apprentices who have never ridden a winner, only wants to be confined to six-year-old maidens and trainers who have not won a race since the Boer War, to complete the programme.

The Tote daily double is gaining rapidly in popularity, and every now and then very long shots turn up. The ingenuity and fool-proofness of this installation, which I was privileged to be shown round, is quite unbelievable, and the amount of wire inside the place is enough to make the minds of every hunt secretary in England boggle. The great thing about the double is that if no one gets it right those who have got one horse right draw over it. One gentleman tore up his ticket in the paddock, and discovering this, ran back and had the luck to find the two halves, which were worth about a tenner.

A pool is open on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and for the second leg I can recommend The Recorder, the present favourite and a well-performed one; but some think the owner could win it with either The Recorder or The Macnab!

## SOCIETY STAGED IN ANGUS AND AT NEWMARKET



*D. Mitchell Living*  
"THE BATHROOM DOOR" IN ANGUS: (Left to right) LADY JEAN OGILVY, THE HON. SYLVIA COKE, MR. M. MULLER, MISS ROSEMARY MITFORD, LORD SUDLEY, LORD AIRIE, LADY MARGARET OGILVY, MISS PATRICIA MORRISON-BELL, SIR MICHAEL DUFF-ASSHETON-SMITH (in wig), THE REV. H. RORASON, AND MR. D. C. CHRISTIE.



MISS BETTY McCALL AND MRS. ALBANY CHARLESWORTH AT NEWMARKET SALES

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND MR. SOMERVILLE TATTERSALL

ALSO AT THE BLOODSTOCK SALES:  
BRIG.-GENERAL AND MISS LITTLE

"The Bathroom Door," one of the funniest of Gertrude Jennings' well-known one-act farces, was recently the cause of enthusiastic hand-clapping at Cortachy Drill Hall, when it was presented by a cast of Angus Society "dramateurs." Mr. Max Muller stage-managed the production, and Lord Airlie and his two elder daughters scored a family success. Miss Sylvia Coke is Lady Airlie's niece, and Miss Rosemary Mitford bears the same relationship to Lord Airlie, being a daughter of Lady Helen Brocklehurst by her first marriage. Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith is Lady Juliet Duff's son, and Lord Sudley is Lord Arran's heir. Mr. D. C. Christie put "The Bathroom Door" under police protection, he being the Chief Constable of Angus. The first day of the sale of bloodstock at Newmarket, with which the bottom pictures are concerned, was unexhilarating as regards prices, the eight lots which found new owners only realizing 835 guineas, despite Mr. Somerville Tattersall's quiet persuasiveness. He is himself a big owner, and the Duchess of Newcastle is another personality who takes a wide interest in racing matters. Mrs. Albany Charlesworth, who adorns Yorkshire Society, is Lady Delamere's sister, and General M. A. Little is one of Warwickshire's most popular inhabitants. He has five sons, but Miss Little is his only daughter

MISS CLARITA CLARKE  
Lenore

Miss Clarke is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Clarke and her wedding to Lieutenant David Byam Shaw, R.N. (ret.), takes place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Wednesday, October 15, and the reception will be held afterwards at Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Clarke's house in Gloucester Place, Portman Square

LIEUTENANT DAVID BYAM SHAW, R.N.  
Revonde

*d'appui* which, as it were, bears the whole structure of their souls. Everybody has one, though some, I must confess, seem to lead apparently aimless lives; just killing the time somehow, somewhere. Until, however, you have discovered that pivot social intercourse is usually extremely superficial. Just jokes, and chatter, and play-acting. The "pivot" alone is interesting and illuminating. Some people radiate from their religious beliefs; some from their business success; some from love; some from sport; some from intellectual curiosity; some, the more boring, from their own comfort and self-esteem. Until you have discovered this one radiating centre-point of their characters, however, it is as well to tread warily in any participation of friendship. Even more warily in any participation of love. Only a knowledge of, and sympathy for, the pivot of a man's or woman's character matters—if you have to live with them. One may quarrel over a thousand questions, but so long as two people's lives are inspired by the same "urge" they will not go very far along two separate roads in loneliness. As it is with people, so it is with books. Some books which others praise leave us uninterested and cold. They do not strike within us the answering chord of sympathy. We are not interested in the subject, nor are we interested in the author as he, of necessity, reveals himself through his work. He is not our type, which means that the pivot of his life is one totally alien to our own. On the other hand, there are books which make you as devoted to their author as to the books themselves. It is a great gift is authorship—this gift of being able to reveal on paper that hidden *point d'appui* of one's character of which otherwise only very intimate friends have any understanding. Most books of reminiscences and memoirs are so easily forgotten simply because the writer merely tells us of those things in his past existence which in the scheme of life in general are as unimportant as a taste in clothes. What a man has done is little more than an interesting conversation. What actually he is—what actually he has become—therein you have revealed almost an entirely new world; a world in which you may wander happily; or peradventure escape from it in sheer loneliness. I have read this week a little book which I not only found enchanting to read, but seems to me to reveal an enchanting personality, a

#### The Pivot of One's Character.

The most interesting thing about people is to discover, if you can, the pivot within themselves from which their whole life and outlook radiate; the point

# With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

personality which from my own point of view soon became the personality of a friend, though of course from your point of view both the book and the writer may leave you cold. The volume is "On the Leash" (Cape. 7s. 6d.), by Princess Lichnowsky. You may not like it very much if you are not devoted to animals; you may not care for it if you want excitement and gossip and things happening on almost every page. But if you delight in a quiet yet moving study of ordinary life, I think the book will charm you as greatly as it charmed me. There is, however, no description of high political and social life in the book. Princess Lichnowsky might never have moved in either world from any glimpse she gives us in her pages. She reveals her real self more intimately by failing to do so. It is just a journal of her own inner life, thoughtful, humorous, and entrancingly human. We meet no famous people in it. On the other hand, she introduces us to certain of her friends each of whose life-story presents that sad frustration of real happiness of which, alas, so many life-stories are composed. Of her own life she tells us little. Or rather, she reveals her life to us through her passion for animals, especially in her love for her little dachshund, Newt, who accompanies her wherever she goes. Her portrait of this dog is one of the most endearing dog-portraits I have ever come across. Indeed this is a book for dog-lovers *par excellence*. Yet it is so much more than that. It is a book which makes you think. It is a book which it is delightful to go over again in retrospect, remembering passages here and there, lingering in memory over certain remarks, as at the end of a deeply interesting conversation with a new and exciting friend. But one must share her love of animals if one would enjoy the real charm of her book. Of dogs especially. How true this is, for example: "Speech, the stumbling-block, has spoilt the game. Because man imagines that he has attained full knowledge, he finds words to express it. Yet although he grasps at the knowledge he never catches it. To comprehend he must let drop all he has already grasped and comprehended. It seems that each party should take turns at playing the dog's dumb and loving part. Dogs will never speak, but carry their secret to the grave, a secret of which they are not aware themselves—this great secret of Nature (like that of the stars, of the flowers, of all beings, of all that grows and dies) is what draws us to them, this secret that conceals itself in an outward form of childishness and complete *savoir faire* of a grown-up person." Let me conclude by saying that not for a long time have I read a book which I am more determined to keep in the bookshelf of silent friends where only those books which appeal strongly to me remain out of the hundreds which come my way. "On the Leash" is full of amusing observations, of sadness, of happiness, of human understanding. It is beautifully written, and all the way through it there is an entire lack of self-importance, of that egotistical virtuosity which mars too many books telling us of the writer's inner life, of the people he has known, of the ultimate philosophy which has eventually become the pivot of his hidden self.

#### Thoughts from "On the Leash."

"Take big things easily, little things carefully. Like that you can grasp at them all, and do not let them fall out of your hand. It is a big thing to come close to Nature; one feels that one is being let into some deep secret. It does not do to blurt it out before fellow humans, for the finest things are apt to sound hackneyed."

"If one is born a giver, everything is bound to be taken before one has had time to give anything. If one is born a taker, one is sure to be confronted by safes over a foot thick."

#### A Little Disappointing.

It seems strange to write of one of Miss Rose Macaulay's novels that the background is far more interesting than either the story or the characters of the tale. Nevertheless one has to say that of her latest, "Staying with Relations" (Collins. 7s. 6d.). The plot is of the thinnest, none of the characters are interesting, and Miss Macaulay's humour and wit only enliven things at too rare intervals. Perhaps it would have been better had she not made it a novel at all, but contented herself by writing a travel book. At anyrate only the descriptions of scenery keep the story alive, so to speak. Interest, otherwise,

(Continued on p. 62)

## THE CLAIRVOYANTE

By George Belcher



Mrs. Briggs: Yes, I sees 'er pretty frequent at the Fox and Grapes; but as I goes there meself only once in a way, it's seldom of course as she'd see me

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

begins to fizz out the moment when Catherine Gray, a popular novelist who goes to the United States on a lecture tour and finishes up by staying with her relations in Guatemala, discovers that when a crisis occurs everybody turns out to be totally different from the type which, as a novelist, she had docketed them at the beginning. They all perform this metamorphosis with the regularity of clockwork, so that after the initial astonishment the arbitrary *volte-face* ceases to amuse. Indeed the plot, which concerns hidden treasure, is only kept going at last by a kind of conducted Cook's tour of the characters in pursuit of the alleged thief. All the same, so long as Miss Macaulay is describing scenery, customs, natives, she is excellent. It makes one wish all the more that she had written a travel book pure and simple, and had employed her very admirable title for a story which had to deal with staying with commonplace relations—the kind of relations which everybody possesses; not the queer, rather "cine-maesque" people who compose the relations of her present novel. So I am bound to declare that just for once Miss Macaulay has disappointed us. Nevertheless we are still 100 per cent. in her debt.

### A Love Story from Life.

How pleasant it is, after reading too many novels in which only money and drink seemed to play any emotional part, to pick up "The Love Letters of Ernst Haeckel," written between 1898 and 1903 (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), arranged from the correspondence by Johannes Werner and translated from the German by Ida Zeitlin. The letters are so interesting in themselves, so sincere; express so beautifully the love of two high-minded people kept apart by a sense of moral obligation that in this age when licence has made love mostly trivial, they seem to belong to a sterner, lovelier age. And yet it all happened comparatively few years ago! It is, indeed, a remarkable correspondence. Haeckel was sixty-five at the time he first began to correspond with a young woman of thirty whose identity is disguised by the name, Franziska von Altenhausen. She had written to him in the first place a simple, sincere letter asking him to recommend her some books on natural history. Incidentally, she told him a little of her circumstances. How she had been brought up very quietly in an old aristocratic family; how she led a solitary, but happy life; how she had been trained in a strictly religious atmosphere, and yet how her faith had often been assailed by doubts, her spirit troubled by unorthodox questions. Haeckel thanked her for her letter and drew up a list of books which he advised her to read in the order which he had placed them. From this began a correspondence which lasted nearly six years and only came to an end with the death of Franziska. The present

volume contains only a selection from the whole of the original letters, but it nevertheless tells us clearly the story of two honourable people who loved each other intellectually as well as physically, though they only met two or three times in each year, and then only for a brief period. Haeckel was as solitary a being as was Franziska, though their circumstances were so different. In spite of his many travels in search of zoological material, most of his life was spent in Jena with an invalid wife and a daughter who suffered from acute melancholia. Add to these sorrows, he had to bear continual abuse and misunderstanding for his

propagation of Darwinism and his general anti-clerical sentiments. Forever a prey to the fury of the bigoted and those who disapproved of his philosophy and were jealous of his fame, his own inner life had force to be lived entirely alone. Only his friendship, which blossomed into a very noble love for Franziska, provided his heart and mind with an escape from this inner loneliness. The correspondence of this remarkable pair provides a book which is not only intensely interesting to read, but a love story which was as beautiful as it was necessarily hopeless. Haeckel was not a man who would be unfaithful to an invalid wife; Franziska was not a woman who would bring trouble on a woman so tragically afflicted. The result was an intolerable strain on both of them; so severe at times that more than once Franziska felt that she could write no more. Death alone brought her release. She died suddenly in 1903. These letters remain, however, as a memorial to her suffering, her unselfishness, and her love. No one could possibly read them unmoved. They are so simple, so sincere, so human, so perfectly the reflection of two superior human beings in the throes of a passionate and a complete intellectual understanding; so close in spirit, yet alas! so divided by that higher conscience which refuses to find happiness at the expense of another's pain. The entire correspondence is a wonderful revelation of the conflict between love and duty, beautiful in its unselfish nobility and renunciation.

### More Pleasant Reading.

Miss J. E. Buckrose's new novel, "The Peeping Tower" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), is a bed-time story *par excellence*. It infects you by a pleasant, peaceful, happier mood. It is amusing and not too life-like. The abysmal ignorance of the inhabitants of Great Melby would alone be sufficient to snap it from reality. Because in the times of the Stuarts the gay villagers drowned a witch, it was rather perverse of them to conclude that lonely Mrs. Queedy was this same witch in reincarnation. She hadn't much tact, but she was very kind-hearted, and she hated living alone, because she had always lived with somebody. And it was also because she had always lived with somebody that she felt loneliness to be something next door to death. So she installed at the top of her house a camera-obscura, and in it she saw a great deal more of the life going on around her than the inhabitants of Great Melby considered anybody should certainly know. Gazing through her mysterious lenses she discovered, for instance, that a neighbouring farmer was about to hang himself, the whereabouts of a "lost" child, that there was something radically wrong with certain underclothing hanging out to dry. She sought

to rectify the tragedy of each one of these sad incidents. But did the people of Great Melby feel grateful? They did not! They raided her house and threatened to smash her camera-obscura. They felt even more justified when the local Squire was found murdered near Mrs. Queedy's garden wall. Happily, except for the eventual smashing of her toy, nothing worse happened to Mrs. Queedy.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxviii of this issue



H.R.H. THE DUKE D'AOSTA

By Autori

H.R.H. Prince Emmanuel of Savoy, Duke D'Aosta, was so kind as to specially pose for the artist for this little impression when on the train between Milan and Basel. His Royal Highness is the son of the late Prince Amadeus of Savoy. The Duke D'Aosta is a lieutenant-general in the Italian army

## LONDON'S BILL OF THE PLAY



"FOLLOW A STAR": MISS SOPHIE TUCKER AND MR. JACK HULBERT  
Stage Photo Co.



Peter North  
IN "THE BREADWINNER": MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT



Stage Photo Co.  
MISS IRENE RUSSELL IN  
"FOLLOW A STAR"



Janet Jevons  
MISS DESIRÉE ELLINGER  
IN "ELDORADO"



"HER FIRST AFFAIRE": MISS MARGERY BINNEN, MR. JACK HOBBS, MISS ZILLAH BATEMAN, MR. HENRY HEWITT, AND MISS ELLEN POLLOCK  
Stage Photo Co.

Miss Sophie Tucker's exuberant genius and Mr. Jack Hulbert's mercurial one have swept "Follow a Star" at the Winter Garden to a tremendous success. It is Miss Sophie Tucker's first excursion into musical comedy—let's hope for many more. Miss Peggy Ashcroft plays the very modern daughter in Mr. Somerset Maugham's not over-pleasant story, "The Breadwinner," at the Vaudeville. The "breadwinner" gets tired of winning bread and levants. "Her First Affaire" at the Kingsway is a little farce on thin ice all about a young woman (Miss Margery Binney), who tries to find out if a novelist (Mr. Henry Hewitt) is as wicked as his books make her think he is. Miss Desirée Ellinger is the charming heroine in "Eldorado," which has brought back bustling musical comedy once more to Daly's



AMERICA'S BEST WOMAN PILOT

Miss Elinor Smith, who is rated America's best aeroplane pilot. This award of high merit was made known when the American Society for the Promotion of Aviation made public the consensus of opinion of America's foremost fliers.

imitation is an additional proof of the TATLER'S method. Now the advertising department of THE TATLER has also given a lead which in time will likewise be followed by the advertising departments of all other papers. As was mentioned a short time ago, the Hon. L. Russell, assistant advertisement manager, has bought an aeroplane which he has called by the name of the paper and uses for business purposes. In this THE TATLER is again a pioneer, and Mr. Russell will eventually have the satisfaction of welcoming into the air circle the members of the advertising departments of all other papers. The value of aircraft for keeping business appointments is still limited. But it is increasing and will continue to increase. Editorial and advertising staffs will soon find the aeroplane as necessary an adjunct to their work as the car is to-day.

Before turning from these intimate matters to more general ones it may also be pointed out that the actual form of these notes was chosen independently from a study of the purpose they were intended to serve. They were intended to give information and to express views about aeronautics, and in them flying is neither treated from the point of view of the daily paper nor from the point of view

# AIR EDDIES

By  
OLIVER STEWART

## Aircraft and Advertising.

Perhaps it will be excused if, on this occasion, I execute a few powerful blasts, runs, arpeggios, trills, shakes, and fanfares upon the privately-owned trumpet. THE TATLER was the first paper of its kind regularly to devote space to amateur flying. It has been imitated and it will be imitated much more extensively next year, for by then it will begin to be forced upon the notice of even the most reactionary that the air era has dawned. The imitations are pleasant to see for they serve to affirm the rightness of THE TATLER'S action in the first place and, by comparison, they permit it to demonstrate that its own method of dealing with aviation is the best. Every new excellence of THE TATLER has also given a lead which in time will likewise be followed by the advertising departments of all other papers.

of the trade paper. TATLER readers either fly or know something about flying; but their interest is always that of the amateur rather than the professional. Consequently aviation can here be dealt with in an advanced way yet with an independent outlook. It is possible to give all the facts without bothering if the aircraft firms will be offended, and to refer to technical matters without lengthy explanations.

## Old Crocks.

In motoring, old crocks are becoming valuable as collectors' pieces. As a result their prices are rising, and soon it may be possible to buy a new six-cylinder car more cheaply than a very old single-cylinder car. No doubt in time the same will happen with aeroplanes, and those who possess machines of particular antiquity are recommended to keep them rather than to sell them for small sums now. Perhaps next year there may be old crock races for aircraft. Much amusement could be had from such a race if sufficient entries could be secured. A few Grahame-White box-kites, a Blériot monoplane, a Maurice Farman longhorn, and perhaps a Wright biplane with a chain-driven pair of propellers would provide a spectacle worth going far to see. I commend the idea to the Royal Air Force Display Committee. The Display is badly in need of new ideas, and there must be a large number of old aircraft about the country which could be resurrected for the race. Even the Camels, the Pups, the DH 2's, the FE's, and the BE's would provide interesting spectacles when shown alongside the newest types in the air. Probably the R.A.F. are the only people who could afford the expense of resurrecting these machines, but for them it should be easy. To see a BE 12 (one of the first British scouts) cruise past in company with a Fairey Firefly, and a DH 2 with the new DH interceptor, would be instructive and entertaining.

To turn to more immediate events, it should be noted that Mr. Fairey will be giving the first lecture of the session before the Royal Aeronautical Society on Thursday. Mr. Fairey is President of the Royal Aeronautical Society in place of Colonel the Master of Sempill, who has retired after a long and fruitful presidency. The Master of Sempill has been touring the country in his Puss Moth seaplane. His flight from Stavanger to the Scottish coast was particularly noteworthy. The crossing is about 300 miles and, in spite of strong headwinds, the Master of Sempill made the passage in 3 hr. 40 min. On his outward journey he made the voyage from London to Stockholm

in one day, the distance being more than 1,000 miles. He used the Welsh Harp for his London alighting place. The machine is the standard Puss Moth except for the float under-carriage.

The family of Carpmael has made history at the National Flying Services aerodrome at Hanworth. Mr. Geoffrey Carpmael, Miss Phyllis Carpmael, and their father, Mr. George Carpmael, all learnt to fly together. Mr. Geoffrey Carpmael is sixteen years old, yet he has passed all his A licence tests. The formality of obtaining the licence is temporarily delayed because he is too young; but he has successfully demonstrated his ability. Miss Carpmael, who is seventeen, flew solo after eight hours' dual. A note which I received from National Flying Services, Ltd., states that Mr. Geoffrey and Miss Phyllis Carpmael are the youngest members, and that Mr. Griffith Brewer, aged sixty-three, who has qualified for his A licence, is at the other end of the scale.



NATIONAL FLYING SERVICES PUPILS

With Mr. Vaisey, the N.F.S. instructor, at Hanworth Aerodrome are: Miss Valerie French, Mrs. Gardener, Miss Diana Guest, Miss Johnson, and Mrs. White

# Three Recent Portraits



MISS TANIS GUINNESS



MRS. EUSTACE ROBB



LADY BRIDGETT POULETT

The engagement of Miss Tanis Guinness to the Hon. Drogo Montagu, the younger son of the Earl of Sandwich and the brother of Lord Hinchingbrooke, was announced recently. Miss Guinness is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, who are so well known in London Society, and her elder sister, who was Miss Meraud Guinness, married the artist, Señor Alvaro Guevara. The Hon. Drogo Montagu is twenty-two. Mrs. Eustace Robb, who was formerly Madame Fajalde, is the wife of Mr. Eustace Robb, who was in the Coldstream Guards and is the only son of Major-General Sir Frederick Robb, who during the War was Military Secretary to the Secretary of State for War and Major-General-in-Charge of Administration the Eastern Command. Lady Bridgett Poulett is the only sister of the present Lord Poulett, who came of age in June last.

# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER.—When you are travelling by car don't you find it tremendously difficult to stop? If you possess, as I do, a perfect—though four-year-old—Miss Chrysler, who bowls along smoothly at an even seventy-five kilomètres, Très Cher, kilomètres) don't you find it almost impossible to call a halt? I do. I curve in behind the wheel in a semi-somnolent state of bliss from which only the shriek of an overtaking car—I never mind being passed—or the silent warning of a danger signal rouses me . . . slightly! I am lulled by the purr of the engine and we go on and on and on in spite of all the attractive sites that suggest lugging out the tea-basket or even merely taking a short stroll. Perhaps it is because, and this is the only crab to my little bus, my petrol tank holds such a very small amount—only 45 litres—on a car that is rated here as a 16.C.V. (this same meanin' *chevaux vapeur*, some bright body having objected that the term H.P. wasn't good French), I therefore have to stop fairly often in towns to replenish, and this no doubt makes me hate to lose time on the 'ard'igh. Some clever person ought to invent a sort of alarm-clock business that one could "set" in order to make a certain number of stops compulsory. A suggestion for the next Salon. Rather short notice, perhaps, for the Paris Salon de l'Automobile will be flourishing by the time you receive this. I do not know what sensational novelties it will bring forth from a mechanical and industrial point of view (and anyway they're no business of mine!), but judging from glimpses I have had as I almost daily pass the Grand Palais the decorative and lighting effects are to be mar-vee-li-ous!

From my above remarks you will probably gather that I am back in Paris, having made a non-stop run up from my island. Right! Thank goodness it rained the day I left, otherwise I believe I'd be there still, though goodness knows that Paris offers plenty of entertainment at this time of the year . . . if it's only dodging the ravines and gorges on the *grands boulevards* where the road-breakers (one can't call them menders) have been doing their damdest. What with this and the fact that various one-way streets have changed the one-ness of their ways, and that some of the parking places have been moved around, one is sure never to have a dull moment when driving.

The new show at the Casino is opening in time to entertain the many visitors that the Salon brings to Paris. The hoardings promise wonders of *mise-en-scène* and exiguous costume, but I can never work up much enthusiasm for a production that sees a "colored lidy"



AT AIX: CAPTAIN HOUSTON-BOSWALL AND MISS PRISCILLA WEIGALL

At the bathing-place on the lake at Aix-les-Bains, Miss Priscilla Weigall is the only daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall. Sir Archibald Weigall is an ex-Governor of South Australia, and married a daughter of the late Sir John Blundell Maple. Captain Houston-Boswall is a kinsman of Sir Thomas Houston-Boswall, Bart.



D'Or, Paris  
MADAME COSTES

The wife of one of the recent conquerors of the Atlantic from East to West, who with his companion, M. Bellonte, put up a really remarkable performance. This photograph was taken on the very day that Madame Costes got the glad news that her husband had landed safely

an elderly sadist who cannot discover whether he is, or is not, a cuckold. It was really the *mise-en-scène* that did the thrilling. The Renaissance boasts of a revolving stage, and so when the stage goes one way and the actors go the other in full view of the audience (if you follow what I mean) the spectators have the amusement of watching them pass, as the action of the play requires they should do, from the private room of a cabaret to the dressing-room of the professional dancers thereof, through the passages and even into the wash-and-brush-up room.

The other set of scenes takes us through all the rooms of a luxurious modern service-flat. The sort of place where one can switch on the gramophone at 4 a.m. because none of the other tenants have come home. A fact that seems to be the acme of high living in these days. The perplexed husband, the innocent and persecuted wife, the equally perplexed and innocent and persecuted gigolo, ramp up and down (a) an entirely inspiring boudoir, (b) a woefully wasted bedroom, (c) and a bathroom in which a maid (on night duty—that sounds so rich, doesn't it?) starts a bath (also at 4 a.m.) that runs real, live, steaming-hot water! That did the trick, Très Cher. The steam was the *clou* of the production. All Paris will be going to see the bathroom scene. And of course what was quite exciting on the first night was when the electrician in control of the switches mistook a cue and the stage began to turn too soon . . . and there was the loveliest game of General Post and "I spy."—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



Hat Linden  
MRS. HOPE-JOHNSTONE

At Palm Beach, Monte Carlo, last week. That sensible and comfortable rig, the beach suit, is here seen in one of its most elegant expressions

topping the bill, especially one of such "manufactured" stardom as little Josephine Baker, who, though she is a most lovely little creature to look at, has yet to prove that she can do anything else than dance the Charleston and make the most deplorable grimaces.

At the Renaissance Charles Méré gives us tremendous thrills with a somewhat melodramatic play all about jealousy. Such an uncomfortable sentiment, and so—if the author will forgive me—extremely old-fashioned. It's really rather difficult to be interested during a whole evening by the to-be-or-not-to-be perplexities of



## MISS CLAIRE LUCE

The Film's Latest Recruit from  
the Stage

The beautiful young actress who will be remembered by her charming performance as Bonny in "Burlesque" in 1928 is the latest capture by the American films and bids fair to go very high up the hill indeed. Miss Claire Luce is a French-Canadian by birth, studied dancing in the Denishawn School in New York, and made her stage debut at the Times Square Theatre in that city in 1924 as Clair in a play called "Dear Sir." She was a Ziegfeld Folly in 1927 and made her first appearance in England when "Burlesque" was produced at Golders Green. The play quickly came on to London to the Queen's Theatre and was a good success. After this Miss Claire Luce went back to America and appeared in "Scarlet Pages" in Atlantic City.

*Photographs by Russell Ball*



## DATES IN THE

## SOCIAL DIARY



AMERICA IN GERMANY: MR. HENRY FORD AT BADEN-BADEN



SIR WALTER AND LADY DE FRECE ON THE DEAUVILLE PLAGE



LADY (CHARLES) TOWNSHEND AND HER GRANDDAUGHTER IN NORFOLK



LORD AND LADY TRENCHARD



GENERAL AND MRS. E. A. WIGGIN



LADY COOKE AND CAPTAIN WINGATE

Activities on various fronts are incorporated here. Mr. Henry Ford, the world-famous captain of industry, makes frequent trips from the States to Europe and has recently been staying at Baden-Baden. Sir Walter de Frece, M.P., and his wife have paid Deauville a long visit this summer for the purpose of putting finishing touches to Lady de Frece's convalescence after her serious illness. Lady Townshend, the widow of Major-General Sir Charles Townshend, has been staying at Brancaster with her little granddaughter, Diane de Borchgrave d'Altena, and playing golf and bathing with enthusiasm. Air-Marshal Lord Trenchard and his wife left last month for Akron, Ohio, where Lord Trenchard was to inspect the world's largest dirigible plant and hangar. Their subsequent destination was Canada. The remaining pictures were taken at Birmingham races. Brigadier-General Wiggin lives at Greys Mallory and attends many Midland race meetings.

## THE WORLD AT LARGE



IN THE TRANSVAAL: PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, MR. ALEC LOGAN  
—AND (left) "SIXPENCE"; (centre) H.R.H.'S BAG—A LIONESS SHE SHOT



AT MONTE: PRINCE AND PRINCESS PIERRE OF MONTENEGRO



AT CAP D'ANTIBES: MR. AND MRS. EMANUEL  
*Hal Linden*



M. AND MADAME RÉNÉ LACOSTE  
AT ST. JEAN DE LUZ



MR. AND MRS. MAZZAVINI (MAY CHRISTIE)

H.R.H. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, the wife of H.E. the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, bagged the lioness in the picture above when shooting in the Eastern Transvaal more or less recently, after following the spoor, aided by "Sixpence," a Shangsan native, for three days. Mr. Alec Logan is a very well-known big-game shot, his speciality being buffalo. Prince Pierre of Montenegro, now known as Jugo-Slavia, is the Crown Prince and the son of King Alexander, who married the Princess Marie of Rumania. Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel were caught by the camera at Antibes where they are honey-mooning. Madame René Lacoste was the beautiful Mlle. Simone de la Chaume, the famous golfer, before she married one of France's most brilliant tennis stars. The picture was taken at St. Jean de Luz. May Christie, authoress of "Kitty Sees Life" and many other clever books, was at Juan-les-Pins on holiday with her husband, Mr. John Mazzavini, who is a well-known operator on Wall Street, New York.

# THE PASSING SHOWS

*"Frederica," at the Palace Theatre*



FREDERICA (MISS LEA SEIDL) AND GOETHE (MR. JOSEPH HISLOP)

Franz Lehar's new operette had an instantaneous success with music lovers, and even though the authors have taken minor liberties with the facts, the Sesenheim idyll makes a pretty story. Goethe's summons to the Court at Weimar did not come until some time after his affair with Frederica Brion, the daughter of the Pastor of Sesenheim.

It is Whit-Sunday, 1771. The sun is shining on the old parsonage (left) at Sesenheim. There are roses round the door, as the song says, and over the rustic arbour (right). Past

the wicket-gate (left centre), the Alsatian villagers are wending their homeward way. Church is over, though the organist is still busy in the distance with his final chords. Every window at the parsonage has its window-box, gay with multi-coloured hybiscas, or whatever name the gardeners bestow on that versatile plant from whose luxuriant blooms (if we are not mistaken) a maiden's hand may pluck and throw down to her lover below—a rose.

Dominating the old-world garden, so peaceful in the amber sunshine, is an apple tree studded with blossom—real blossom, too, some of it, which falls at a touch of the hand. I remember a musical play with an even bigger apple tree, positively swimming in blossom. When the lovers quarrelled the petals fell in mournful, yet decorative, profusion. But when the young man came back to his leading lady in Act III in time to reprise the theme song and bring about the happy ending, flaming spring had returned and the apple tree, bless it, was in better form than ever.

\* \* \*

Spring, alas, has no return at the Palace, for Frederica, being handicapped, so to speak, by the "National Dictionary of Biography," is a sad, sad story. Eight years have passed, and the only happy consummation to Time's cycle is purely horticultural. The romanticists must



MR. WILLIAM KENDALL

As Doctor Weyland, Goethe's best friend and brother-in-law. He marries Frederica's sister, Salomea, a bundle of mischief calculated to test the suavest bedside manner

But let him fall in love, preferably with the innkeeper's daughter, and one day, when the apple blossom is falling, bid her a tearful good-bye, for no other reason than that he is too poor and clever and she is too poor and stupid, and in about a hundred years' time some genius in Hollywood will make a film of him; and serve him right by the time the last inaccuracies are properly nasalized.

This digression, I fear, is the purest heresy. The even tenor of domestic life is the worst possible school for poets. Goethe's career proves it. The women he loved inspired his loftiest outpourings. They passed, but the lyrics remain. The slings and arrows of grief and self-upbraiding were burning in the poet's remorseful heart when the pangs of parting clamoured for expression. There was Annette first, the lode-star of his student days in Leipzig. Frederica came second. Others followed, too numerous to mention. It is Frederica, in the person of Miss Lea Seidl, and Franz Lehar, who wrote the score of the *Merry Widow*, who draw us to the Palace.

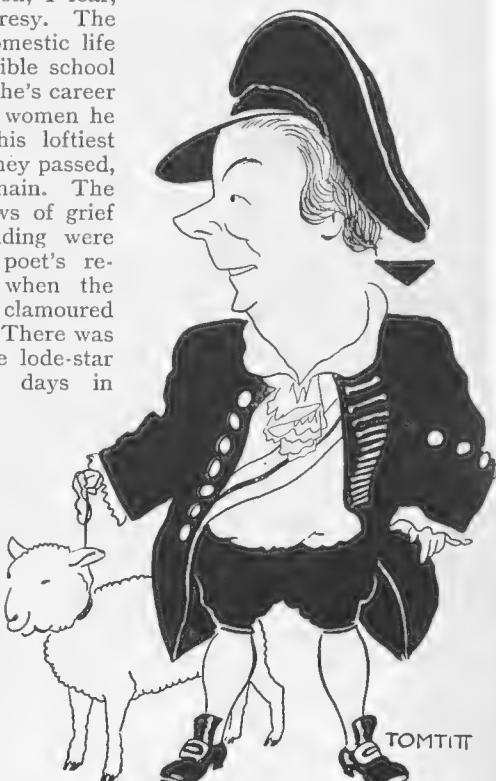
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The story of Frederica is just a case of what might

take comfort in the tree. The branches are thick with Sesenheim pippins. Three, at a guess, would go to a pound, and every apple is as rosy as the dawn. A fine crop and no windfalls.

By all the rules Frederica, daughter of Pastor Brion, should have fallen, after a rush of joy to the voice, into the arms of the lover she had not seen for eight years. But neither the original authors, Ludwig Härzer and Fritz Lohner, nor Mr. Adrian Ross, who is responsible for the English version, are taking any liberties worth mentioning with the idyll of Sesenheim. Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von (1749-1832), Germany's poet of poets, philosopher, scientist, dramatist, and not inconsiderable lover, came, conquered, and departed, leaving in his wake a maiden's broken heart, in exchange for a bouquet of verses which touched new heights of lyrical genius, and a love story of abiding sweetness and melancholy charm.

History is always so morbidly drawn to the broken romance. If a poet loves deeply, marries quickly, lives happily, and has eight strapping children, no one takes the slightest interest in him. He might just as well have lived and died a plumber.



"MY LAMBKIN"

Lenz, the Student of Theology (Mr. Roddy Hughes), has better luck with the lamb than with the ladies. This one is most affectionate



MISS VERA LENNOX

As Salomea, the parson's elder daughter, who wisely marries her young doctor and leaves the rôle of romantic tragedy to her more soulful sister Frederica. Miss Vera Lennox sings and dances with her usual charm and vivacity

Miss Lennox's kittenish spryness, the parson's scriptural benevolence, the students and villagers, must take their chance with the apple blossom and the roses. The best joke is borrowed from St. Paul, but you can't have jokes in a costume play, not even the old ones, otherwise someone would surely have said "Kissa da' lamb" when that engaging creature was licking the face of him who had brought it as an offering to mint sauce.

\* \* \*

It is Miss Seidl's Frederica, Mr. Joseph Hislop's Goethe, and Mr. Lehar's music which monopolize the agenda. To young and unblushing barbarians brought up on Leslie Henson, George Gershwin, the Astaires, Sophie Tucker, Jack Hulbert and Co., Unlimited, the change from pep to prettiness may produce the effect of swallowing a pint of soda-water immediately on top of a side-car. Or may come as a welcome narcotic from a world of rush and rhythm. I invite them to try the experiment. Mr. Lehar's score will remind them that there was a day, before "rag-time" was further syncopated into "jazz," when young people, as well as their elders, went to a musical play to hear good music properly sung.

The score of *Frederica* is on a loftier plane than *The Merry Widow*; its airs and graces are light and charming, but the heady flavour of the widow's waltz and the bubbling, easily-caught melodies are absent—vivacity, in fact, without voluptuousness. Mr. Hislop scores first with the waltz song, "Wonderful," following it up with "Wayside Rose," and finally with "Oh maiden, my maiden." Miss Seidl joins him

have happened but didn't, set to music and interrupted by such inevitable distractions as rustic dances by merry peasants, stately minuets by Strasbourg's billowing damsels and powdered gallants, and an apologetic effort to provide a morsel of comic relief on the part of a soubrettish sister, Salomea, and a certain student of theology. Right nobly does Miss Vera Lennox, dancing, singing, and shaking her pretty head with an abundance of verve and coquetry, essay the task of being a ray of sunshine and a flirtatious puss. Mr. Roddy Hughes,

hampered at first by having to sing a song to a live lamb on a string, gallantly hints that he might have pulled more comic strings if only his friend Goethe had been able to contemplate a rose or Frederica's fair flaxen charms without bursting into full-throated song. But

in the duets, "My heart lies in your hand" and "All my yearning, all my loving," but her individual triumph, the lovely lament, "Why did you kiss my heart awake?" waits till the end of Act II. It is beautifully sung in a heart-broken whisper that is a marvel of emotional execution and crystal clearness.

\* \* \*

F

rederica, from the first, is "marked down for tragedy," as Mr. Noel Coward observes in *Private Lives* apropos a more modern and less constant nymph. Goethe,

before he met Frederica, had kindled in the bosom of the younger Mlle. Sauvour, daughter of his dancing teacher, the volcanic fires of unrequited love. With a farewell embrace as warm as it was unexpected, the poor girl had laid a curse on the lips which should first kiss him after hers. This cramped Goethe's style so much that it took Frederica a solo and two duets roughly speaking, before she could persuade him to defy superstition. But the curse was well and truly laid, for just when the engaged pair were getting on nicely in Strasbourg society (Act II), along came an emissary from the Grand Ducal Court at Weimar to offer the local laureateship to the rising poet.

Goethe, as a man of honour, declined, but then in butted the well-meaning friend with a fairy story about a dwarf princess and a giant, and off came Frederica's engagement ring in a rush of self-sacrifice. Perhaps it was just as well, for had not an admirer already described the poet as a "splendid gorgeous butterfly fluttering from flower to flower"?

If Mr. Hislop, not being cast in that heroic mould, whence emerge the Harry Welchmans and the Dennis Kings, failed to convey these fritillary qualities as to one hundred per cent., the sensibly-minded must listen first and look afterwards. Mr. Hislop is a fine singer, and tenors of grand opera calibre are rarely romantic or any other kind of actors. Miss Seidl plays with a depth and feeling in perfect accord with the artistic severity of an idyll begun, with every convention, in sunshine, and abandoned, against all the low-brow rules, in shadow. But then this melodious and dainty dish is distinctly for the high table. The singing of the principals, the merits of the score, and the finer shades of orchestration, are potent attractions which should exercise a gratifying come-hither effect on that considerable section of the community whose musical horizon is bounded by more intellectual limits than those associated with Sonny Boys and Red-hot Mommas.

"TRINCULO."



MISS LEA SEIDL

Whose Frederica is a triumph of art over pronunciation. Miss Seidl sweeps aside all the dramatic and operatic difficulties of a strange language, especially in her exquisite singing of "Why did you kiss my heart awake?"



A SUMMONS TO COURT

Enter the emissary (Mr. Frank Freeman) to summon Goethe to the Grand Ducal Court at Weimar. Frederica deliberately sacrifices her love for the rising poet's career

## AT THE NEWBURY AUTUMN CUP



LADY ROSEMARY PORTAL AND MRS. DILL



THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE, MISS HASTINGS, AND LORD VALENTIA



MRS. DUDLEY GILROY AND THE HON. MRS. DUBERLEY



LADY CHESHAM AND MR. A. K. MACOMBER



LORD STALBRIDGE, MRS. LUCAS, AND MRS. NORMAN LODER



SIR LESLIE AND LADY WILSON

All the racing world and his wife were at Newbury to see that interesting public trial for the Cesarewitch, the Newbury Autumn Cup, and a good many people came away with the fixed conviction that Mr. A. K. Macomber's Brumeux, who won it, will laugh at his 10-lb. penalty. He squandered a good field, and it would be difficult to say how much he had in hand. The owner is seen talking to Lady Chesham. Mr. Dudley Gilroy, whose charming wife is with the Hon. Mrs. Duberley, manages Mr. A. K. Macomber's horses in France. The Marchioness of Cambridge is the elder daughter of the Hon. Osmond Hastings, and Miss Hastings is her sister. Lord Valentia rarely misses a meeting, and he lives in the heart of the Bicester country, over which Lord Chesham used to preside with Mr. Hugh Budgett, the present Master, who, to the regret of the grave by deep-sea yachting. Mrs. Norman Loder hunts with the Warwickshire, and her husband, Mr. Norman Loder, is an ex-Master of the Atherstone. Sir Leslie Wilson is an ex-Governor of that nice, peaceful place, Bombay. He was also formerly "one of His Majesty's Jollies"!



## TREASURE TROVE

*From the picture by Henry J. Haley*



**BOGEY! BOGEY!**

*By A. Davis*

## THE CRUCIAL—AND IMPERIAL—CONFERENCE

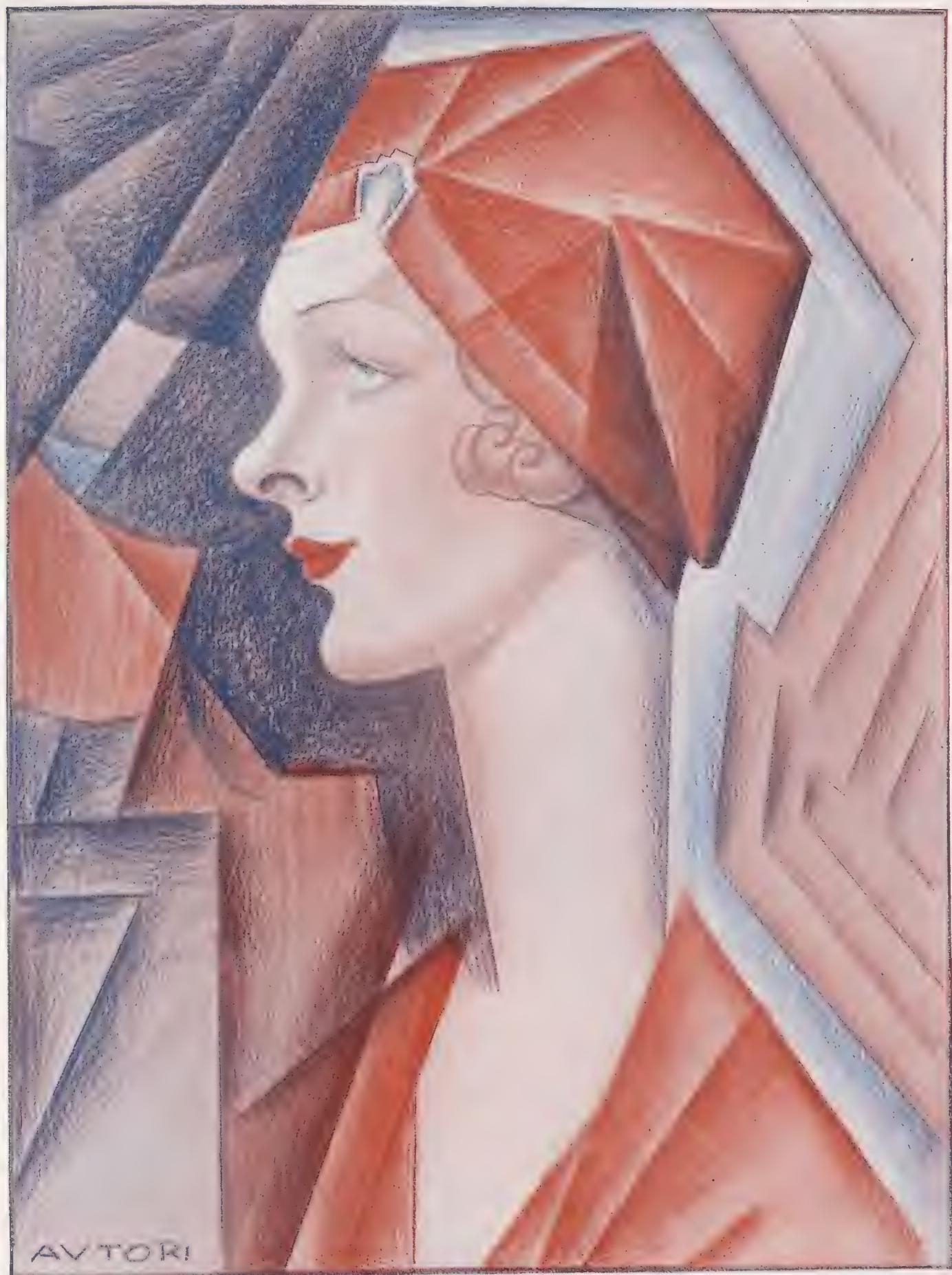


Bassano, Dover Street

### A GREAT ASSEMBLAGE OF THE PILLARS OF OUR EMPIRE

The names in this group of the remarkable assemblage of representatives of every Colony, Dominion, and Dependency of the Empire, the official photograph taken at Downing Street last week, left to right, are: First row—Mr. Guthrie (Minister of Justice for Canada), Mr. Snowden (Chancellor of the Exchequer for Great Britain), Mr. Wedgwood Benn (Secretary of State for India), Mr. McGilligan (Minister for External Affairs for Irish Free State), Mr. Forbes (Prime Minister of New Zealand), Mr. Bennett (Prime Minister and Minister for External Affairs and of Finance for Canada), Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (Prime Minister of Great Britain), Mr. Scullin (Prime Minister of Australia), General Hertzog (Prime Minister of South Africa), Sir R. Squires (Prime Minister of Newfoundland), Mr. Henderson (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs for Great Britain), Mr. Maloney (Minister for Markets and Transport for Australia), H.H. the Maharajah of Bikarhan. Second row—Mr. Graham (President of the Board of Trade for Great Britain), Mr. Hogan (Minister

for Agriculture for Irish Free State), Mr. Dupre (Solicitor-General for Canada), Mr. Havenga (Minister of Finance for South Africa), Lord Passfield (Secretary of State for the Colonies for Great Britain), Mr. Steves (Minister of Trade and Commerce for Canada), Mr. Thomas (Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs for Great Britain), Sir T. Sidey (Attorney-General for New Zealand), Lord Sankey (Lord Chancellor of Great Britain), Mr. Fitzgerald (Minister for Defence for Irish Free State), Mr. Fourie (Minister of Mines and Industries for South Africa), Sir M. Shafiq. Third row—Mr. Carew, Mr. Thomson, Sir E. Harding, Mr. Read, Sir M. Hankey, Mr. Abbott, Sir H. Batterbee, Dr. Bodenstein, Mr. Walshe, Mr. Tottenham. It is hardly necessary to stress the importance of this gathering, for it is upon such an anvil as this that the links which bind our Empire will be hammered out stronger than ever before. The closest co-operation within the Empire is the watch-word of these weighty deliberations and the foundations for such a happy consummation are being well laid.



LADY MOIRA COMBE

*By Autori*



TOP OF THE HUNT IN A BIG BOAT

By Webster Murra



BIG WATER COUNTRY

murray

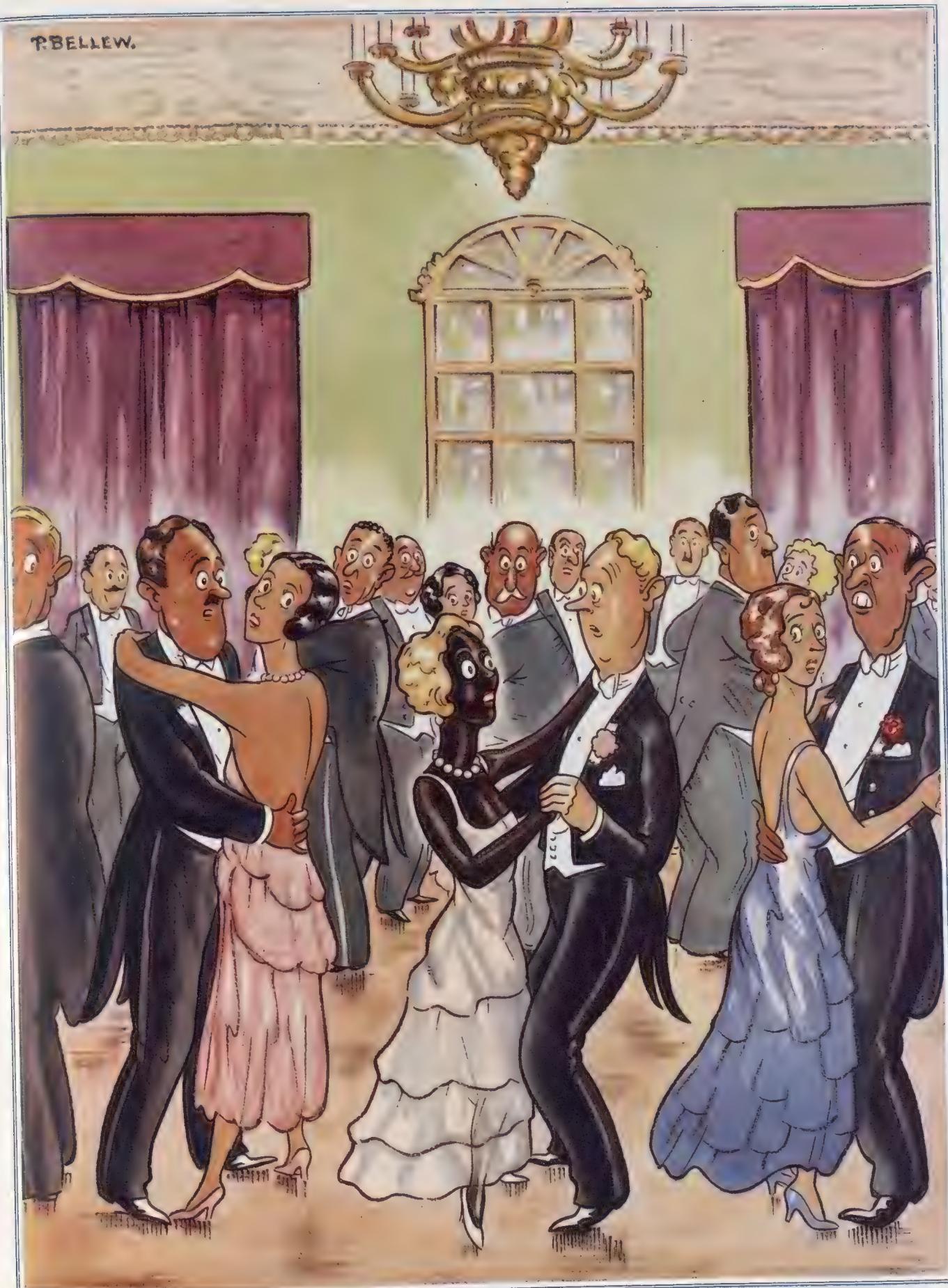


The "Feathers"  
Ludlow.

Amidst the "Inns" and outs of life Player's Please

## THE TANNING CRAZE

P BELLEW.



OVERDONE!

By Patrick Bellew



# Who can resist a GUINNESS?

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E. 87A

## "ROMANCE" AND OTHER FILMS



GRETA GARBO IN "ROMANCE"

DOROTHY SEACOMBE AND ROBIN IRVINE IN  
"LEAVE IT TO ME"

EDWINA BOOTH IN "TRADER HORN"

Doris Keane's great success as La Cavallini in "Romance" has found a successful translator as a talkie in Greta Garbo, the beautiful Swedish film star, in spite of prophecies to the contrary. The talkies may be moribund but Greta Garbo has scored a great personal triumph in this film. The play, of course, was a tempestuous success both in America and in England. Greta Garbo made her film débüt in Stockholm in "The Atonement of Gosta Berling," and was such a big success that she received an immediate offer from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people, and America has never let her go since. Dorothy Seacombe, the well-known English stage favourite, is another capture of the American films, and "Leave It To Me" is not her first success, as her first film was "The Flag Lieutenant," a British picture. Edwina Booth was formerly an "extra girl" but is now starring in "Trader Horn," part of which was made in Africa. She was selected from 500 applicants

## IN TOWN AND OUT



AT NORTH BERWICK: HUGH CHARTERIS, MISS LAURA CHARTERIS,  
MISS MARY ROSE CHARTERIS, AND LADY ANGELA ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE

Balmain



FERNIE V. QUORN: MISS DOUGLAS AND MISS ATKINSON



IN LONDON TOWN: THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE  
AND LORD BOWMONT

Of those in these pictures taken up and down the country, the children with Lady Angela St. Clair-Erskine, formerly Lady Angela Forbes, are those of the Hon. Guy Charteris, son of the Earl of Wemyss and the late Mrs. Charteris, who died in 1925, and was the daughter of Mr. F. J. Tennant, a kinsman of Lord Glencorner. Lady Angela St. Clair-Erskine is a sister of Lord Rosslyn. The hectic polo match, Fernie v. Quorn, which the latter won, skippered by Miss Atkinson, was played at the Great Glen Gymkhana. Both Miss Douglas and Miss Atkinson are well known with their respective Leicestershire packs. The Duke of Roxburghe, who is with his only son, was originally in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and then went to The Blues. Lord Cecil Manners is an uncle of the present Duke of Rutland. He was Assistant Secretary of State for India when Lord Cross held that portfolio, and was war correspondent to a daily paper during the Great War



IN THE PARK:  
LORD CECIL MANNERS



LADY BLANCHE GIROUARD AND HER DAUGHTER TERESA  
(Inset) MR. RICHARD GIROUARD

Mr. Richard Girouard, who married, in 1927, the Marquess of Waterford's eldest sister, who was then Lady Blanche Beresford, is the only son of that distinguished sapper, Sir Percy Girouard, who probably prizes the high commendation of "K," with whom he went up the Nile, above all his many other distinctions. Sir Percy Girouard's marvellous railway work in the Sudan, the Transvaal, and South Africa is a lasting monument to his high abilities. During the War he was Director-General of Munitions, and eminently the right man in the right place. Mr. Richard Girouard is the Conservative candidate for Limehouse



*Photographs by Yevonde, Victoria Street*

# RUGBY RAMBLINGS



THE HARLEQUINS' TEAM

R. S. Crisp

The Harlequins made a good recovery in their match v. Rosslyn Park at the Old Deer Park, Richmond, and a game which started by being a bit dull brightened up a lot towards the finish, and the Quins won by 16 to 8. The names in this group, left to right, are: Back row—C. C. McCraight, E. P. Sewell, E. S. Waring, G. C. A. Adams, G. B. Coghlan, P. E. Dunkley, D. H. Duder, A. G. A. Sadlier. Seated—J. E. Hutton, P. W. P. Brooke, H. C. C. Laird, P. W. Adams (captain), H. L. Price, J. C. Gibbs, and A. E. C. Prescott

**D**OES anybody know of a useful scrum-half? Richmond wants one badly, for F. M. T. Bunney has gone to live in the Midlands, and as yet no capable substitute has turned up at the Richmond Athletic Ground. There are plenty of good forwards, but, as has so often been the case, the Richmond backs are not too formidable. A really successful season for the old Surrey club would be popular everywhere.

In the 'nineties the name of J. F. Byrne of Moseley, was a household word in Rugby, for he was the finest full-back of his day and many times held the fort for England. Since his retirement from active play he has been of the utmost service to the administrative side of the game, and now he has his reward. His son, C. J. Byrne, is the new captain of Moseley, and no one would welcome a revival of the club fortunes more eagerly than the old England full-back and captain.

Bedford have an interesting new member in the person of D. P. B. Morkel, who has represented South Africa at both cricket and Rugby, and will probably form one of the South African Rugby side who will be with us next season. Morkel is a full-back, but he may figure in the third line for Bedford, an enterprising and rapidly improving club.

All is not peace in Wales, for the project of establishing a Welsh Rugby Union ground at Bridgend has met with a very mixed reception. That was only to be expected, for the Welsh clubs are not usually distinguished for harmony, and local feeling runs very high at times. As to the ground itself there can be no doubt that the Welsh Union badly needs a home of its own, and as to the financial side, Twickenham and Murrayfield provide sufficient evidence to convince the most timorous.

There has been trouble, too, over the Welsh Selection Committee, who were very severely criticised at the end of last season, and not without some cause. Changes were called for, but only one of the old members has not been re-elected, and that one, by the irony of fate, was the immortal Gwyn Nicholls himself, the one man, of course,

who ought to have been retained whoever else might have to go.

Mr. A. E. Freethy, the famous referee, who has taken his place, should be welcome enough, though hardly at such a cost. Mr. T. H. Vile did not gain a seat, which is surely a serious mistake; his experience and knowledge would be invaluable. Clem Lewis, one of the soundest judges in the game, is a journalist, and so is presumably barred, otherwise he too would make a valuable member.

Probably no country is particularly proud of its team last season, not even England, who contrived to secure a championship which she hardly deserved after losing to Ireland a match which she ought to have won half-a-dozen times over, to say nothing of playing the dullest possible draw with Scotland. Did international Rugby ever reach a lower standard than that seen at Twickenham last March?

But the Welsh supporters had the most cause to grumble, for it was plainly shown that in the match with England the selectors had erred grievously, one or two of the choices indeed verging on the ludicrous. The team improved as the matches went on, and

at the end the Welsh side would probably have beaten any of the other countries. But that is small consolation, for it has happened more than once of late years, and Welshmen consider that it is high time the leek triumphed once more. Doubtless one or two of them will be fastened to the goal-posts at Twickenham next January, and it may be that the Welshmen's hour has come.

The names of the English selectors have not been published at the moment of writing, but it is not likely that there will be any serious changes. It was rumoured last season that Mr. James Baxter would on his return from the new tour retire from further administrative work, but as to that we shall see. The manager of the tour just concluded is one of the great personalities of Rugby, and a most stalwart supporter of

(Continued on p. xxiv)

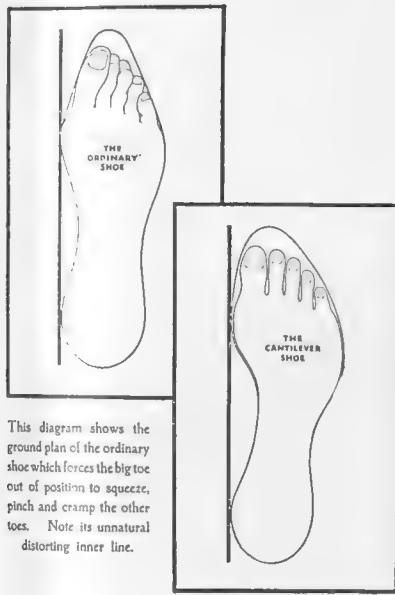


THE ROSSLYN PARK TEAM AND OFFICIALS

R. S. Crisp

Which was beaten by the Harlequins (in the group above) in their recent encounter at the Old Deer Park, Richmond, 16 to 8. Rosslyn Park led in the first half, but from thence onwards the Harlequins proved that they were by far the better team. The names, left to right, are: Back row—H. A. Burlinson (hon. secretary), R. J. Iliffe, A. K. Woodhouse, R. K. Page, R. L. Baker, J. N. Jones, A. C. Lusty, J. D. Bradford, E. J. Hiley (referee). Middle row—R. C. Forbes-Bassett, E. B. Eason, P. T. Cooper (captain), C. C. Harger Miller (club president), F. S. Kendall, E. W. F. de V. Hunt, W. R. Collins. On ground—F. J. M. Dent, J. S. Standerwick

# The rising generation is all for comfort



This diagram shows the ground plan of the ordinary shoe which forces the big toe out of position to squeeze, pinch and cramp the other toes. Note its unnatural distorting inner line.

This shows how the ground plan of the Cantilever Shoe allows ample toe room, giving thereby, easy, comfortable walking. Note its straight inner line.

No doubt about it. The men and women of to-day are much, much freer than they were twenty-five years ago. Take clothes for instance. Think of those long dust-collecting trains and those ghastly whalebone constrictions that were fashionable in the Edwardian era. Terrible! Thank goodness we have said goodbye to all that. Our clothes have become freer and decidedly more comfortable. Would that the same could be said of our shoes. For, truth to tell, the majority of us are still wearing

the uncomfortably shaped shoes of a bygone generation. For ordinary shoes do not conform to the ground plan of the normal, healthy foot. They disregard its straight inner line. They squeeze and bunch it into an unnatural shape and make all walking very tiring. Cantilever Shoes rescue your feet from all discomfort. They have a straight inner line which gives your toes plenty of room and enables you to walk freely, joyously and tirelessly. You will find miles of smiles in Cantilever Shoes.

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# Cantilever Shoes

*for comfortable walking.*

CL.267



Peter North

Who is in the cast of "The Cheat," Mr. Kenneth Kent's new play which, after doing its time at Lewisham, is coming to London Town. Mr. Kenneth Kent plays a leading part himself and so does Miss Phyllis Dare.

A man bought some sausages and asked his landlady to cook them for his breakfast.  
"How'll I cook them?" she asked.  
"Fry 'em like fish," replied the lodger.

The next morning the landlady served them up, remarking: "I hope you'll enjoy yer breakfast, sir; but there's not much in these things when they're all cleaned out."

\* \* \* \* \*

The negro preacher was exhorting his congregation to repent before the Day of Judgment. "Ma bredren," he said, "when yo' hears Gabriel sound his horn, yo' wants to be ready to jump."

"Ma goodness!" exclaimed one of the gathering, "am he a-comin' in an automobile?"

\* \* \* \* \*

They were preparing for the annual sale. "Mark that silk up at seven-and-eleven a yard," ordered the shopkeeper.

"But we usually sell it at five-and-eleven," protested the assistant.

"That doesn't matter. We are selling off entirely regardless of cost."

\* \* \* \* \*

"They're off!" cried the man with the glasses at the race meeting.

"What!" cried his wife, who was at her first race, "hasn't one of them kept on?"

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

**I**N America, where the antiseptic craze comes from, a man went into a shop for a shave and was waited upon by a man who waxed eloquent on the germ-proof nature of the business. The towel was super-heated, the razor sterilized, the soap bacterialized, and the comb and brush antisепcized. "Great scheme," said the customer, who had been patiently waiting for the discourse to finish, "but why don't you go ahead and shave me?" "But I'm not the barber, sir," said the man. "You're not? Then where is he?" exclaimed the customer. "They're boiling him, sir," the man replied.

**P**at, having committed a grievous offence, found himself in the dock. Counsel on his behalf addressed the bench thus: "Do not forget the character of the accused; he is a man of big heart, of philanthropic motives; a man who has never failed to do his duty; a man who has been a faithful husband, a dutiful father; a man—."

Pat, whose eyes had been getting wider and wider, intervened at this point: "Excuse me, sir, is it me you're talking about?"

\* \* \*

**H**ave a cigar?" said the man with the smiling face. "I don't mind if I do," said his friend. "But what's the occasion?"

"Oh, I've got an addition to the family."

"You don't say so? Congratulations!" said the other man enthusiastically, as he put a match to his cigar. After a few puffs he took the cigar out of his mouth, looked at it, and observed, "About the fifth child, I should say."

\* \* \*

**A** lady had a Chinese servant whom she was trying to teach to answer the front-door bell. To test him she went to the door and rang the bell, which he soon answered, and was astonished to find his mistress there. A short time afterwards the bell rang again and nobody answered it. At length the lady, getting tired of listening to the noise of the bell, opened the door and found the Chinaman there. "What on earth are you ringing the bell for?" she asked him. "Well," replied the servant, "you foolee me, I foolee you."

\* \* \*

**A** group of men at the club were discussing something very earnestly, and the man from Aberdeen approached and asked the subject of the discussion. "Will you join our Anti-Tipping Society?" asked one of the group. "We consider that tipping is a degrading custom and have formed a society to put a stop to it."

"Aye, I'll join," said the man from Aberdeen, gladly.

"That's fine, and the subscription is only a shilling a year."

"Och—in that case I'll be thinking that it'll be cheaper for me to tip."



MISS LEILA HYAMS' LATEST DECORATION

What is happening is that the lady is having the marks of a rattle-snake's bite painted on her back. Snake-bite pictures are Hollywood's latest fad. Some of Leila Hyams' earlier successes were comedy parts in films like "One Round Hogan," "Summer Bachelors," and so forth

# LOVELINESS RETURNS SWIFTLY

IN THE SALONS OF  
ELIZABETH ARDEN

Sky and wind and ocean and sun, you have enjoyed this summer. Sport—exhilarating—breathless! Fun—no end! But this same wild air—and strong sun rays that strengthened and leaned and firmed your body, have—let us be frank about it—they have done damaging things to your skin—things you must correct at once! • Little crinkly lines simply baked around your eyes—little brown freckles, perhaps—and, of a surety, an unwanted thickening which is the skin's own protection from exposure • Altogether a coarsened look with which to start the new season. Most unattractive! Especially when the new clothes demand a soft prettiness—a dainty and feminine face • You will need a few re-conditioning treatments at Elizabeth Arden's Salon to bleach and soften and refine your skin. It is amazing how quickly this is done • You will rejoice to see the smooth whiteness of your face after using that famous enemy of tan—Elizabeth Arden's Anti-Brown Spot Ointment or her special bleaching creams. Or if you wish to keep your tan, you may have simply the refining treatments that will leave your skin creamy and silky-soft

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3/6, 8/6, 15/6
- ARDEN VELVA CREAM...to smooth and soothe away all dryness and to restore the cared-for look. It is ideal for the full face  
4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6
- ORANGE SKIN FOOD...to bring new smoothness to the thin face. Pat quantities of it into the summer-parched skin. Use it liberally on your neglected throat  
4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6, 35/-
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- ARDEN POWDER...Always finish with a soft dusting of this transparently beautiful powder...of indescribable lightness and purity. Choose a shade to blend so invisibly with your own colouring that it rests like a natural bloom on your skin  
12/6
- Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health

# Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"



SIR GEORGE PENNY, M.P.,  
AND SIR OLIVER LODGE

At the croquet tournament at Sir Oliver Lodge's place, Normanton, near Salisbury. Sir Oliver beat Sir George Penny, and is seen condoling with his victim. Sir George Penny is Conservative member for Kingston-on-Thames

THE late General Sir Bryan Mahon will be mourned by all who knew him, not so much as the gallant and distinguished soldier which he was, but as just "the dear old Mahout" whom to know was to love. He was the best exemplification of what that so often misapplied word "sportsman" really means of any man who ever drew the breath of life, for he was incapable of either a mean act or an unworthy thought. He lived as he rode, straight as a gun-barrel, and in his younger days what a real good man he was to hounds, between the flags, for he rode a very good race, and in that far more dangerous arena than either of these, the pursuit of a thing called quite rightly the "grim grey boar." He won the Kadir Cup in 1888, when he was a major in the 8th Hussars, of which he was the colonel when he died, and he was in the regimental polo team, which, however, was never lucky enough to win an Inter-Regimental. In 1887, 1888, and 1889, the 8th Hussars carried all before them in the Kadir, as Major Clowes won in 1887, Sir Bryan Mahon in 1888, and Captain Jules Legallais in 1889. Sir Bryan Mahon was on the committee of the Hog-Hunters' Dinner which was held in London last year, and as a matter of fact it was just before that he was stricken down with pneumonia, and I have his wire, wishing everyone luck and regretting that he could not be with us, before me as I write. This season I was to have stayed with him in Dublin when I went to Ireland to hunt with two or three packs, and in the last letter which I got only about a fortnight ago he said he was much better but had been having a bad time. He never really recovered from his illness of last year or the deep sorrow he felt over his wife's death in 1927.



Margaret Bentley  
MISS ULRICA  
THYNNE

The only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ulric Thynne, who, like her father, who is a kinsman of the Marquess of Bath, is a very good performer on a horse. Colonel Thynne used to be in the 60th



MR. AND MRS. VOS AND LORD TYRRELL  
On the Gleneagles Hotel Golf Links last week.  
Lord Tyrrell, after filling many important offices in the Foreign Office, was appointed Ambassador to Paris in 1928

(Continued on p. viii)

It is with much regret that I learn of the death of another very old friend of a good many of us both sides of Suez, Mr. R. L. Thomas, who died at Bath recently at the age of eighty-five. He was a supremely good performer on a horse, and rode very well steeplechasing, and, like another celebrity of the pigskin, Adam Lindsay Gordon, had a pretty turn for verse. His memories went back to the days of "Black" Tom Oliver, and he was full of stories of the adventures of that quaint and probably most amusing celebrity, whose motto when he rode races was, "Win at all hazards—when you want to!" I first met old "Tommy" Thomas when he came out to India about 1892–93 to aid and abet and ride for the late Mr. "Groggie" Gregson's stable, for which the flat-race jockey then was the famous Jimmy Robinson, who is still to the fore as a trainer in Poona and Bombay, and the trainer was George, Jimmy's brother. My own connection was riding anything over the obstacles which other people did not peculiarly fancy—Buchanan was one of them; he pulled like a tug-boat, and would scatter you if you tried to get hold of him—but safe as a church if you didn't. R. L. Thomas was a reincarnation of Lindsay Gordon, and I should think much the same build, "lang and leet," and I recall his offering to go out privily and by night and saw the top bars of the hurdles through so that I did not get killed when I rode a particularly unpleasant and sketchy brute called Daredevil in a hurdle race on the morrow. He was badly named, that horse, for he had a heart about the size of his eye, which was small and pig-like. There was actually no necessity for old Tommy's kindly action because on that particular occasion Daredevil "planted" at the post, and whips, curses, and all other means failed to move him, and the field was sent away without him. He was still there when they came round the next time. R. L. Thomas was undoubtedly one of the oldest G.R.'s still alive when he died, and in his day absolutely in the top class. He was an old Harrovian of the Vaughan and Butler days. May the turf, which he loved so well, lie lightly on him.

A spate of letters—some from America—has arrived from various people about the recent International polo matches, and as the Polo Notes in this paper are closed till next May it is necessary to deal with them in this page. Some of them are destructively critical and some of them constructive, but until we know when England is going to challenge again I think we may be wasting our time if we cry over spilt milk. On the principle that a quick counter-attack is the best way to regain lost ground I suggest that we challenge at once

for next year. The ponies are all sold, unfortunately, but it might not be impossible to collect a new lot in England and America, and keep them there during the winter and get them thoroughly acclimatized. I further suggest that we get the shock troops ready for the fray on the spot instead of risking the English weather. I am certain that this is a sound suggestion, and I urge it very strongly. I understand that the little matter of £ s. d. is no bar. What other bar is there? I feel sure that the Polo Association of America would be only too ready to accommodate us in the matter of waiving the mutual understanding about the three-years' interval. This fine material we have at the moment will not improve, like port, with age. The way in which I regard it is this, that whereas three years hence we are unlikely to have any



*M.F.H.:* "Well, thanks, I will! There's nothing like a long day in the saddle to make one appreciate the good things of life, and this brandy of yours is uncommon good. What is it—'65'?"

*Old Stager:* "Pooh! That seems to be the only idea some of you young fellows have about a brandy—what the date is supposed to be. If you're buying hounds at Rugby, what do you look for? How they are bred, who bred 'em, and their points. Same thing with brandy. The name of the shipper shows the breeding of a brandy—its points speak for themselves. This is Martell's Cordon Bleu, 35 years old."

*M.F.H.:* "I see. By Age out of Quality, you mean."

# MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

*Obtainable from all first-class Wine Merchants.*

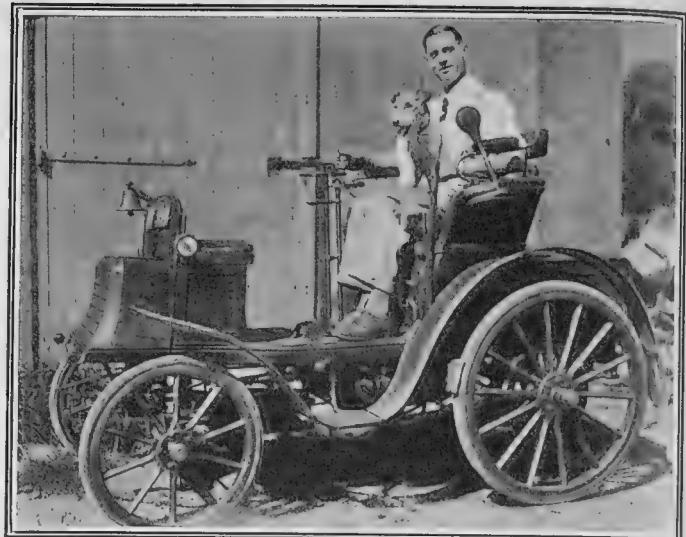
# PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

## New Stuff.

**A**ND thick and fast they came at last," these announcements of new and intriguing cars. I wish I had, in this issue, all the space I should like, so that I could "reveal" all that could be "revealed" about all of them. But for the moment it has to be a case of one or so at a time, and naturally first place must be given to the British product. For the Triumph Scorpion that was led before the curtain last week I have nothing but praise, for it is yet another example, and a very striking one at that, of what the British car manufacturer can do when he really makes up his mind and sticks his jaw out. How do you like these extracts from a specification that figures out at £237 10s.? Four-seater coachbuilt saloon with sliding roof, six-cylinder engine with vibrationless four-bearing crankshaft, underslung worm-drive giving a low floor level, Lockhead hydraulic brakes, safety-glass throughout, dipping head-lamps with finger-tip control, thermo-controlled radiator shutters, shock-absorbers all round, real hide pneumatic upholstery, chromium-plating, wire wheels, wide choice of colours. I call it a very fine achievement, for let me tell you that this is a really well-turned-out job; I would not wish for better workmanship. And another thing I can tell you is this, that when I (who am 75½ in. and proportionately broad) am comfortably in the adjustable driving seat, with all the leg-room I want, the three other passengers get all the room they want. A fine piece of practical body design. For, mark you, by reason of the big doors, and in spite of the low roof, I demonstrated to quite a large crowd that I could get in and out with perfect ease. Considering that the wheel-base is under 85 in., this is very remarkable. Well, the next thing for me to look forward to is the opportunity of giving this new Triumph Six a dusting (or a mudding, as the case may be) on the road. On the strength of my knowledge of the smaller four-cylinder model I am ready to gamble that I shall like it very much. *Nomenclature.* I confess, however, that I am not quite able to understand the reason for the curious nickname with which it has been dubbed. There is a very definite meaning about the names "Snipe" and "Silver Eagle," but most of the other zoological and entomological references rather escape me. Like "Scorpion," they generally suggest something vicious or otherwise unpleasant. Yet I can testify that neither the Hornet nor the Viper have any tendency that way at all. As for "Scorpion," my word-book tells me that it is included "along with spiders, mites, etc., in the heterogeneous class *Arachnida*—they have an elongated body, claws like the lobster, and a poisonous sting in the tail." Spiders and mites, forsooth! What a nasty lot of pals. Even the elongated body business won't wash, for as a matter of fact one of the beauties of the Triumph Scorpion, instantly apparent to even the most unseeing eye, is that the body is so nicely compact, and what little overhang there is is due to the suavely-moulded boot. Still I suppose its name is not going to affect its running a particle, and, after all, that is the main point. Yet I shall still hold, even after but a cursory examination of its physical make-up, that it deserved something more complimentary to its charms.

Precise Old Lady (booking for the family): I want tickets to Eastbourne, please, for myself and two married daughters and their husbands for the week-end



AN OLD CONTEMPTIBLE

Mr. C. S. Burney, the secretary of Brooklands Aero Club in his "new" car. It is only a thirty-two-year-old single-cylinder Benz. The owner set up a record from Weybridge Station to the Flying Club-house of one hour-and-a-half at the hair-raising speed of one and one-third miles per hour!

## Out of the Ordinary.

Few people have any reason to envy me, but some will, I believe, for a recent joy; which was the trying-out of a sports car that is very nearly unique. This is the ultra-special 50-h.p. Double-Six built by the Daimler Co. for Captain C. B. Wilson. It may be remembered that some months ago I briefly described it. Barring the "comb" on the top of the radiator (even this, though, is a different shape from standard) there is nothing in the appearance of this black-and-maroon projectile to suggest what I hope I may, without offence, call Daimlerishness. It lies so close to the ground that a mole would have to select the right spot if he wanted to go under without soiling his fur. Indeed that is my only criticism of a magnificent piece of work upon which Thrupp and Maberly have mounted the most comfortable and graceful open four-seater I have ever come across. The top of the bonnet, by the way, comes just about two inches above the tops of the front tyres. Visibility is excellent and the driving position ideal. It needs to be, too, for this is a lusty performer, "rejoicing like a giant to run his course," and the natural consequence is that you yield to temptation. At least I did. But I hit up the high speeds along deserted by-roads and am not in the least ashamed of myself. At the same time this turbinesque engine, which never reminds you of its presence by sound or tremor, is perfectly contented when, either for fun or of necessity, you trundle along at a genuine walking pace. Then—and this is a great joy—you can slam the throttle hard down on the ramp, and away she goes like an arrow without the smallest symptom of "pop," hesitation, or reluctance. I know few fast cars that will go through that test and emerge smiling. On a flat, but not good road, I got over 80 m.p.h. in a quite short distance. Ninety-five I judge to be about the maximum. At full bat

(Continued on p. xx)



Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

## FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT

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*The new*

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Vauxhall to-day presents for the first time a car at under £300. It can be seen at the principal Vauxhall Dealers, or full particulars can be obtained from General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9. This is an additional car to the famous Vauxhall 20-60 (now 24 h.p.), which will be known as the Vauxhall "Eighty."

# EVE

At Aldeburgh

**A**T this minute I feel rather like a theatrical critic who has to depart after the First Act and yet write an appreciation (or depreciation) of the whole play. How, with only two days of the



Miss Enid Wilson, an ex-holder of the Championship, reached the 4th round at the expense of Miss Heather Palms, who took her to the 17th

English Championship at Aldeburgh over, am I to pronounce upon the respective merits of the old school, the reigning school, or the school of the future (which everybody seems to have a conviction is going to be the school of the moment).

One thing at least is over and done with—the struggle for the county finals. Surrey is a name which has decorated that Shield a great many times—

nine to be exact—and the unearthing of a Cup which used to reward the winner in the bad old days when there were no divisions and counties travelled at sweet will all over England, revealed the fact that Surrey had won the County Championship three times before the present Shield came into existence. Surrey may have had better teams in the past, but they have never had one in which the tail wagged more nobly, as if determined to make up for the absence of their Champion, Mrs. Atherton. Miss Gourlay might win her three matches at the top of the team (though she had a stiff enough fight with Mrs. Raymond Cooper), Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Latham Hall, and Miss Jean Hamilton might occasionally lose them, but come weal come woe, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Alec Johnston, and Mrs. Crosthwaite won all their three matches.

Miss Sylvia Bailey taking a very full swing in the 1st round of the English. She was runner-up in last year's Girls' Championship

Cheshire, who ought to have provided the biggest thrill, were accounted for on the first morning, 5 and 2. Warwickshire gave Surrey the fright of their life that afternoon, and were only beaten by the odd match after every Surrey spectator had abandoned hope. Dorset, a gallant county new to finals, were beaten 7 love the next morning. Cheshire took second place and Dorset third.

The first day of the Championship will be remembered for the appalling weather. It was reminiscent of the English at Cooden Beach in 1924—tales of stranded competitors on flooded roads, start delayed half an hour and so forth. Only the course remained

## at GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

dry as the proverbial bone, and when the rain stopped you might have played round in thin slippers without needing a change of feet afterwards.

It was a tremendous day's golf, with only one regret about it—the sad fact that Miss Diana Fishwick had to scratch on account of the doctor forbidding her to play two rounds in a day on the ankle which she sprained a few weeks ago. The little bunch of players in the first round behaved on the whole according to schedule, but amongst the byes surprises came thick and fast. There was Mrs. Walter Payne's defeat by Miss Mellor, the player of five clubs who made Miss Gourlay do some thinking at Formby, and at Aldeburgh actually went out in 39 and beat Mrs. Payne on the last green.

Why, oh why do we burden ourselves and our caddies with double the number of weapons if five will take you to the turn in as few shots as anybody else? To be sure Miss Mellor went to bits next day against some really good golf from Mrs. Temple Dobell, but against Mrs. Payne she was excellence personified. Then there was Mrs. Guedalla's beating from Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Garon's from Miss Pauline Reed, the young Somerset champion, and if folk wanted anything further to chat about over the welcome cup or cocktail it was supplied by the young golfers, who were popping up all through the draw and showing such real promise; Miss Barbara Smith, who may one day add another Cheshire name to the Championship Cup; Miss Wanda Morgan, who was playing as convincingly as anybody could hope to do; Miss Peggy Whitfeld, who won an uphill battle at the 19th, and a host of others not good enough yet to win championship medals but quite full enough



Miss Gill Rudgard (left), who eliminated Mrs. Guedalla from the Championship, with Mrs. Percy Garon, who was beaten by Miss P. Reed, the Somersetshire Champion. Miss Rudgard has lately adopted a steel-shafted driver, and now hits a longer ball than ever



Taking aim : Mrs. Rowland Harker paying croquet a compliment on the green. She was beaten in the 3rd round by Mrs. Latham Hall

of promise to make you feel cheerful about the future of English golf. As to the two big surprises, Miss Rudgard beat Mrs. Guedalla not only because she consistently outdrove her but also because the Middlesex player was having a little temporary disagreement with her mashie. And at Aldeburgh, if you cannot get home in two raking shots you need some very superfine approaching because nothing is easier there than the taking of three putts if you have left yourself a long initial one, for though the greens are true as steel they are fast as glass and undulating as a marcel wave. Miss Reed beat Mrs. Garon mainly because of the said difficulty of getting down in two putts—an unusual state of affairs for Mrs. Garon.

(Continued on p. xxiv)



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TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE  
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P 616

# THE LOLLARD

By Ex-Private X

(Author of "War is War")



"The sergeant-major uttered a cough like the deepest note of a bassoon; then, to cover his own lapse, roared at Smythe to stand still"

**W**E joined on the same day in the summer of '15, and I found myself standing beside him in the queue on the staircase at regimental headquarters. We had passed the doctor, attested, and were soldiers save for an abysmal ignorance in all matters connected with soldiering and our civilian clothes. The latter deficiency was about to be rectified, for we were on our way down to the dungeon which was called the Quartermaster's Stores.

He told me his name was Smythe, and I daresay it was, but you never know. He was a snub-nosed boy of twenty-three, with the honest, brown, fearless eyes of the born liar. We talked quite a lot as we went down, one step every five minutes, while those before us went two at a time into the dungeon to have misfits hurled at them.

"I wish I were a Jew," Smythe remarked suddenly, à propos, it seemed to me, of nothing.

"I, too, used to be romantic," I said, "but I've outgrown it now."

He looked at me rather intensely.

"But my dear old fellow-warrior and comrade-in-arms, don't you know? The Jews, when they're on home service, get a month's leave at Easter or thereabouts. It's some feast, or fast, I forget which. Think of it! Suppose one was still in England next Easter and happened to be a Jew?"

I stared hard at this quaint fellow. He had been a civilian until an hour since; he was still wearing a blue serge suit, and he was already thinking about leave.

"I'm sorry I didn't know of that before," I remarked to humour him, "or I'd have called myself Gordon, or Mackenzie, but it's too late now. I believe we get one week-end in three when we're down in camp."

"That," said Smythe firmly, "is no use to me. I am one of those people who write to the papers and sign themselves 'Lover of Freedom.' The sequestered life which soldiers are compelled to lead does not appeal to me. I propose to endure it for my country's sake—but no more of it than I can help. But I believe it is not hard to get leave quite frequently if one has the necessary intelligence. However, we shall see."

Smythe and I paraded next morning and were thrust into the same squad of recruits. There were various shades of khaki in those days, and Smythe appeared in a mustard-coloured tunic with leather buttons, greenish trousers, and brown brogue shoes. The shoes he explained away on the grounds that the boots issued to him did not fit. The adjutant who came to inspect the fresh batch of Defenders of the Empire turned pale and looked as if he had just swallowed an over-ripe oyster. He sent Smythe back to the Q.M. Stores. We saw no more of Smythe that day.

Before going down to camp Authority compelled us to have two doses of anti-typhoid inoculation, with two days' leave after each. By some obscure means Smythe rendered himself entirely immune from typhoid by contriving to get himself inoculated four times. Then, after a month, we went to camp, where life was real, life was earnest.

Fate thrust me not only into the same company as Smythe, but into the same hut. Thus I knew in advance most of his base schemes for escaping for a day or two or even an hour or two.

We were a Territorial Regiment of the highly superior sort, with an entrance fee and an annual subscription. Most of us were professional men or youngsters straight from well-known schools, and the bulk of us were expected to take commissions. The new arrivals were all interviewed by their O.C. Company, who asked us what were our own and our fathers' civil occupations, where we were at school, whether we wanted commissions, whether we had any special qualifications, and last—but not least in Smythe's case—what was our religion.

Smythe gave Captain Nunn no trouble until he came to that last question. Until then he seemed a highly desirable member of the regiment. He had been educated at Malvern; his father was a lawyer; himself was studying law, but had not yet passed his finals; and he preferred to wait and see how he shaped as a soldier before applying for a commission.

"And—er—your religion, Smythe?" said Captain Nunn, in the subdued tone of a doctor putting a very delicate question.

"I am a Lollard, sir," Smythe answered.

(Continued on p. xvi)

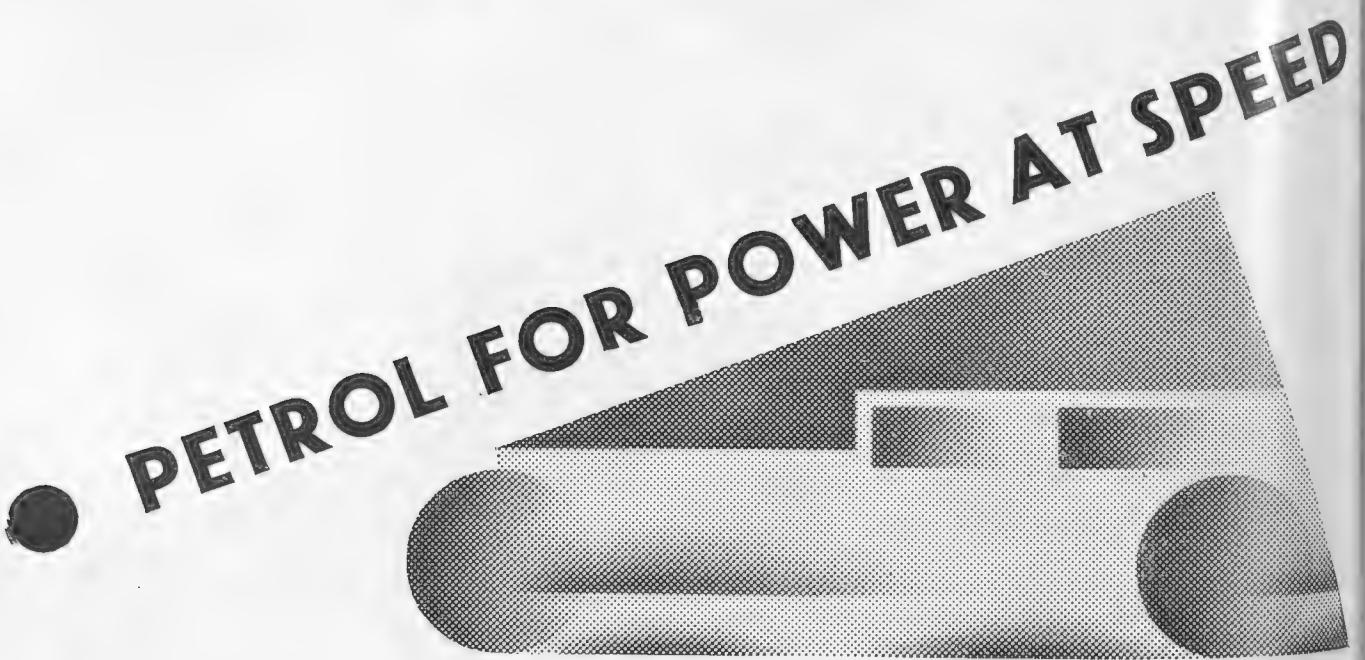
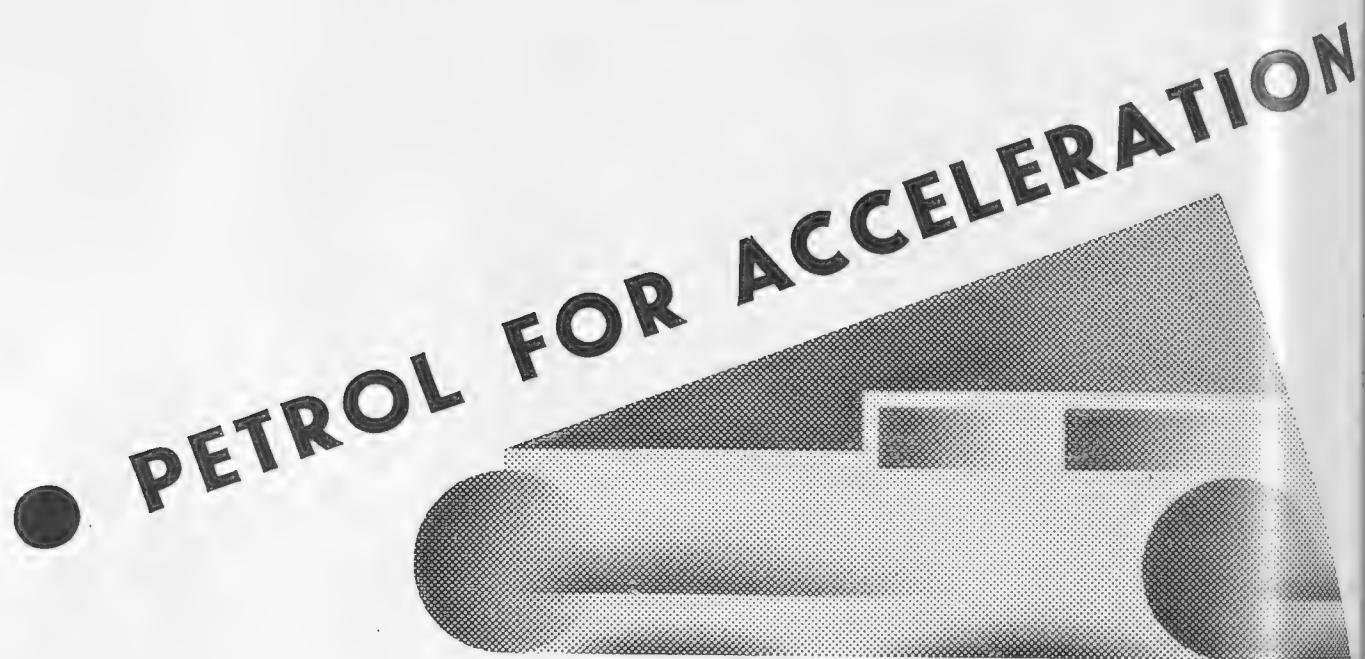


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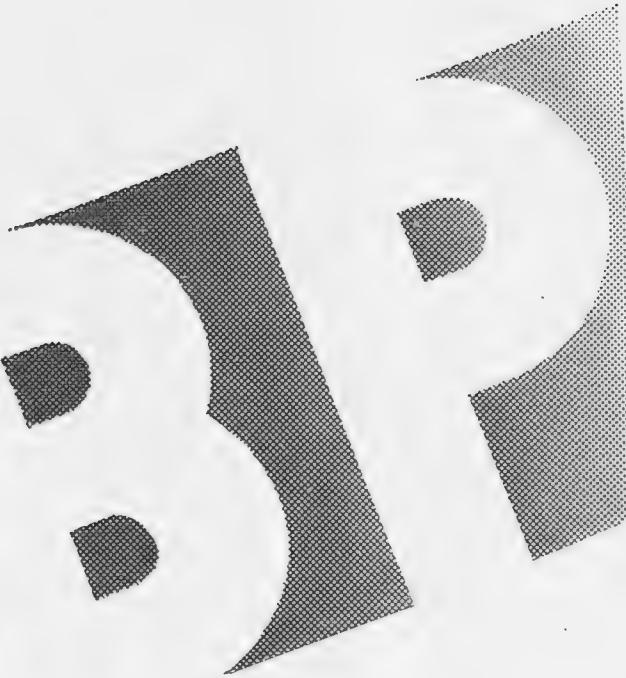
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Fashions that Create an Atmosphere.

SOME fashions create an atmosphere that is entirely their own. Among these are the dresses that are worn in *Private Lives*, presented by C. B. Cochran at the Phoenix Theatre. Gertrude Lawrence appears in a silver-white satin frock. There is the high waistline, emphasized by a narrow belt of the same material, below which to the bend of the leg the material is moulded to the figure, four-cornered or handkerchief insertions aiding in the good work. Below this the fabric falls in graceful folds until the floor is reached. And here is something decidedly new. In the centre of the corsage is a cluster of white flowers, therefore when she wraps her black velvet coat with deep cape outlined with white fox round her the flowers are revealed. In another scene this talented actress is seen in a gold and black studio suit; the trousers are very wide; the scheme is completed with a sleeveless Cardigan. Her pale-green day-time ensemble is enriched with beige fur.

\* \* \*

## All-Important Accessories.

Blue suède gloves, blue satin shoes and bag, have been chosen by Adrienne Allen to wear with her peach-pink evening dress. Tulle of the same shade makes the miniature puff sleeves. Reville's of Hanover Square are responsible for this dress as well as for her ensemble carried out in apricot beige wool marocain; the scalloped collar and hem are of white piqué, while white and beige petersham are present in her felt hat.

By M. E. BROOKE

## Jewels, Shoes, and Handkerchiefs.

Sophie Tucker is endowed with a sense of humour as well as with a dress sense, and she always "thinks out," as she herself says, all her own frocks, giving special consideration to her jewels, shoes, and handkerchiefs. In *Follow a Star* she assumes lovely sapphire and crystal jewellery with a dress of lamé in which the same shades are present. With another frock of vellum-tinted velvet she wears her own diamonds. Very becoming is her afternoon dress of white romaine; it is outlined with black; this acts as a connecting link between the dress and black coat, which is generously trimmed with white fox. Irene Russell carries a grey velvet muff with her chiffon frock of the same shade. In another scene she dons a powder-blue velvet dress. It has a cleverly cut hip yoke and skirt, the latter being composed of alternate panels of chiffon and velvet.

## The March of the Mannequins.

It would be monotonous were a detailed description of the various London dress shows to be given. The outstanding features of the autumn modes have already been discussed in these pages; it is the details that now take prominence. It seems almost unnecessary to add that the majority



This winter outfit comes from John Wight and Co., George Street, Edinburgh. The Glencairn skirt and coat are of tweed, while the hat is of stitched felt. (See p. vi)



This lovely velvet wedding gown has been designed and carried out for Miss Stanton by Richard Sands and Co., as well as the bridesmaids' dresses. (See p. vi)

of the dresses shown were created in Paris. Maison Ross, 19, Grafton Street, displayed some lovely evening affairs. Many were accompanied with turbans and some with mittens; long trains were conspicuous by their absence. Fur coats, ranging in price from 79 to 225 guineas, aroused the feelings of the deepest envy. A feature was likewise made of evening dresses in conjunction with bridge coats, as well as of the simple frocks for the debutante.

## At the May Fair Hotel.

The Maison Arthur of Dover Street staged their dress parade at the Mayfair Hotel. Standing out with prominence were the three-piece suits with tweed coats and skirts, the former enriched with fur; dresses were sometimes substituted for the jumpers and skirts. Another point emphasized was that the coat-frock is completely metamorphosed and is seen in conjunction with fur and other wrap-coats. Many of the evening dresses were arranged with a bow or soft drapery at the back; this is very becoming to women who are not quite so slender as they would wish. Another novel note is

the corsage portion of a contrasting colour to the skirt. For instance, flesh-coloured georgette embroidered with crystals forms the corsage and black the skirt. Simple georgette and lace frocks all had their part to play. Neither

must it be overlooked that the evening wraps were of the most luxurious character imaginable.

(Cont. on p. vii)

# THE NEW CORSLO CROISSETTE *for Full Figures*

The Model illustrated on the LEFT shows a combined garment which our Corsetière has designed, not only to support both abdomen and diaphragm (see Figure 1 on left), but also to mould the figure to a slimming line. The strappings can be adjusted to suit any full figure, and can be adapted, if necessary, to give special abdominal support after an operation. Figures 2 and 3 show alternative arrangements of the strappings, according to the support required. Our Corsetière will gladly demonstrate the advantages of our Corslo Novelties at any time.

*gns* COTTON TRICOT  $4\frac{1}{2}$  GNS. *gns* SILK TRICOT  $7\frac{1}{2}$  GNS.



## THE BELT CROISSETTE (illustration on RIGHT)

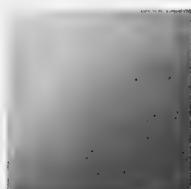
This novelty is specially designed to support the abdomen and diaphragm, as shown in Figure 1. Certain figures, however, require only abdominal support, in which cases the lower strappings are immensely beneficial. The same strappings can also be adjusted to afford the necessary support after an operation. Figure 2 shows the strappings arranged to uphold the diaphragm. The strappings arranged as in Figure 3, are for those who require less support, and mould the figure into a perfect contour, giving a graceful slimming line. This model Belt Croisette ensures perfect comfort and freedom in wear.

Made from Batiste and best quality Elastic  $4\frac{1}{2}$  GNS. *gns* SATIN  $7\frac{1}{2}$  GNS.



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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



*The first hint of frost in the air persuades furs to come into the limelight. This graceful coat comes from Marshall and Snelgrove's, and is carried out in very fine black caracul enriched with sable-dyed squirrel. It gives the much-to-be-desired silhouette to the figure*



Paris Wears Small Hats and Fur Coats



*Patou has sought the aid of an osprey to give the felt toque (top left) an air of distinction. It may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street, W.), and so may the chef d'œuvre above, in which black felt and plush are seen in happy unison. An important feature is the turned-back draped brim*



Models by Marshall and Snelgrove



*Here is something new—a draped turban toque in which two shades of velvet are present. The frill at the back is very becoming to women with short hair. The forehead is revealed; small curls are permitted to stray over the ears. It was created in Paris, and has gone into residence at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.*



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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



Picture by Blake  
A FASHIONABLE EVENING DRESS

Carried out in the new chiffon lamé in subdued wallflower colourings with a gold thread running through. It consists of two pieces, a princess slip which moulds the figure, reinforced with a berthe, and a skirt mounted on a hip-yoke which has a decidedly slimming effect. Destined to be seen in conjunction with this *chef d'œuvre* is a lovely lamé coat enriched with fur to tone. The colourings are of a non-committal character, therefore it could be worn with other evening dresses

### After the Sun has Set.

The sun had set many hours when the curtain rose on Jaegers' (Oxford Street, W.) dress parade. The Hon. Pamela Boscawen (Pamela Carme is her stage name) read a paper on the importance of Fashion, drawing attention to the fact that few realize how many are its ramifications. A committee of fashion experts were asked to select a certain number of dresses, placing them in the order they preferred; the guests were handed voting papers, and the woman whose list corresponded to that of the fashion experts was allowed to choose an outfit. In this parade only sports suits, coats, and ensembles were represented. This firm would be pleased to show the winning dresses as well as any others included in their collection to any reader of this paper; naturally they would send their illustrated catalogues gratis and post free.

### A Lovely Wedding-dress.

There can be no two opinions about it that the bridal dress designed and carried out by Richard Sands and Co. of Sloane Street, S.W., for Miss Stanton on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Miller, is perfectly beautiful; he is playing in *Bitter Sweet* and is the brother of Ruby Miller; it is of velvet of an exquisite vellum shade; the only form of decoration that is permitted is tucks; the grace and elegance of this frock must be seen to be appreciated. The head-dress consists of a halo of velvet caught with rosettes of the same fabric. The bridesmaids' frocks are of blue georgette; so simple are they that they might well be said to be tailored; the short coats are of velvet to match, the scheme being completed with melon-shaped velvet muffs and beret. The retinue of bridesmaids' frocks shades from an almost forget-me-not to a deep sapphire.

### Suggestions for Skating.

By the way, Richard Sands and Co. are making a feature of stockinette tweed skating outfits; as they have been designed by an expert they are perfectly practical. Among the accessories are the wide scarves and berets made of clipped coney; they are available in the loveliest colours imaginable, including lily-of-the-valley-leaf-green and sapphire-blue. They are 4½ guineas the set. On application this firm would be pleased to send the illustrated catalogue gratis and post free.

### A Winter Outfit.

As winter time prevails it is absolutely essential that outfits for the cold weather should receive the greatest consideration. John Wight and Co., George Street, Edinburgh, are to be congratulated on the outfit they have contributed to p. ii. Each garment can be purchased separately. There is the admirably cut tweed coat for £5 19s. 6d. Of course it is impossible for any sketch to do justice to it; the quality of the tweed leaves nothing to be desired. The Glencairn skirt is of tweed to harmonize; finished with a leather belt it is 59s. 6d., while the felt hat decorated with stitching is 18s. 9d. Naturally there is a host of other coats and their accessories, particulars of which will be sent on application.

### Basket-weaves and Tweed Effects.

It is a pleasure to many women to make their own frocks; they are sometimes worried regarding the material they shall use. For in and out-of-town dresses Viyella is warmly to be recommended. It pleats, flares, and drapes beautifully. In basket-weaves, tweed effects, checks, and plain colours to match it is 4s. 11d., 31 in. wide; spotted and in printed floral designs it is 4s. 6d. A suggestion for making a frock of this material may be seen on p. ii. Note the becoming manner in which the buttons are introduced. It is sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, application must be made to Wm. Hollins and Co., Viyella House, Old Change, London, E.C., who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

### Frocks and Wraps.

There is a definite charm in the fashions at Madame Barri's, 33, New Bond Street, W.; she is a true artist in the matter of colour schemes and line. It is in her salons that the *chef d'œuvre* pictured on this page may be seen. The fabricating medium is chiffon-lamé in lovely wallflower colourings threaded with gold. It consists of two pieces, a princess slip which perfectly moulds the figure reinforced with a modish berthe. The skirt is a separate affair with a clever hip-yoke that may be slipped on in the fraction of a second; naturally it could be copied in other materials; it would be delightful in black velvet and ciré net.

You can obtain Arch-Moulded shoes from—

**LONDON.** Babers, Ltd., 309, Oxford Street, W.1; Harrods, Ltd. (Ladies' Shoe Dept.), Brompton Road, S.W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Ltd., 334-348, Oxford Street, W.1; Derry & Toms, 90-121b, Kensington High Street, W.8; Shoolbred, Jas., & Co., Ltd., Tottenham Court Road, W.1; Whiteley, Wm., Ltd., Queens Road, Bayswater, W.2; Barnes, John & Co., Ltd., 191-217, Finchley Road, N.W.3; Savoy Taylors' Guild, Ltd., 87-95, Strand, W.C.2; Pyne Bros., High Road, Lewisham, S.E.; Boardmans, Ltd., 54-70, Broadway, Stratford, E.15; Russell & Bromley, Ltd., 131, Higa Road, Streatham, S.W.16; Russell & Bromley, Ltd., 845-7, High Road, Leytonstone, E.11; Russell & Bromley, Ltd., 65, The Broadway, Ealing, W.5; Turner, R., & Sons, 4, England's Lane, Hampstead, N.W.3; Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Ltd., 105, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

**ABERDEEN.** Dunn, J. A., 46, Union St.

**ALTRINCHAM.** Brooks, M. & S., 53, Stamford New Road.

**ANDOVER.** Scott, A. B., 74, High St.

**ARMAGH.** Watson, James A., 29, Thomas Street.

**AYR.** Boyd, A., 57, High Street.

**BALLYMENA.** McKinney, J. H., Bdwy.

**BANBURY.** Railton & Son, 13, High St.

**BARNSTAPLE.** Tucker, E. J., 63/64,

Boutport Street.

**BASINGSTOKE.** Lanham, E., & Son, 18, Winchester Street.

**BATH.** Revel & Son, 6, Bridge Street.

**BECKENHAM.** Ayling, E., & Son, 9b, High Street.

**BEDFORD.** Russell & Bromley, Ltd., 84, High Street.

**BELFAST.** Scientific Shoes, Ltd., 7, Lombard Street.

**BERWICK-ON-TWEED.** Mosgrove, J. & Son, 41, High Street.

**BEXLEY HEATH.** Carroll Dawson, E., 247, The Broadway.

**BIRMINGHAM.** Bennett, Miss F. M., 95, Soho Road, Handsworth; Day, R. & Co., 115, New Street; Dicks, Mrs. J., 105, High Street, Erdington; Hodges, A. F., 197d, Hagley Road, Edgbaston.

**BLACKBURN.** Stirrup, T., 28, Church St.

**BLACKPOOL.** Dicks, 30, Church Street.

**BOGNOR.** Dutton & Thorowgood, Ltd., 3, London Road; Russell & Son, Ltd., York Road.

**BOURNEMOUTH.** Pitman, G. C. & Son, Ltd., 22, Old Christchurch Road.

**BRADFORD.** Brown Muff & Co., Ltd., Market St., et.

**BRIDGEWATER.** Bond, G., & Son, 9, Fore Street.

**BRIDLINGTON.** Sharp, T., 31, High Street.

**BRIDPORT.** Rees & Son, 48, West St.

**BRIGHTON.** Russell, A. & Son, Ltd., 104, Western Road.

**BRISTOL.** Massingham Shoe Stores, 65, Queen's Road; 94, Whiteladies Road, Redland; 40, Regent Street, Clifton; Massingham, W. E., Ltd., 123, Stokes Croft; and High Street.

**BROADSTAIRS.** Pitcher, E. M., Carlton Parade, 104, High Street.

**BROMLEY.** Russell & Bromley, 7, Ravensl. Parade.

**BUDE.** S. Liers & Co., Belle Vue.

**BUILTH WELLS.** Eadie, G. & Son, High Street.

**BURNLEY.** Thomas, Evan, 41, Manchester Road.

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**BURY ST. EDMUNDS.** Quant & Son, 49, Abbeygate Street.

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**CHEADLE HULME.** Sumner, A., & Son, 39, Station Road.

**CHEAM.** Hart, R. B. & Son, 4, Upper Mulgrave Road.

**CHEL滕HAM.** Slade, Imperial House.

**CHESTER.** Willey & Co., 20, Eastgate Row.

**CHESTERFIELD.** Twelves, E., Ltd., 3, Stephenson Place.

**CHORLEY.** Mangnall & Co., 51, Market Street.

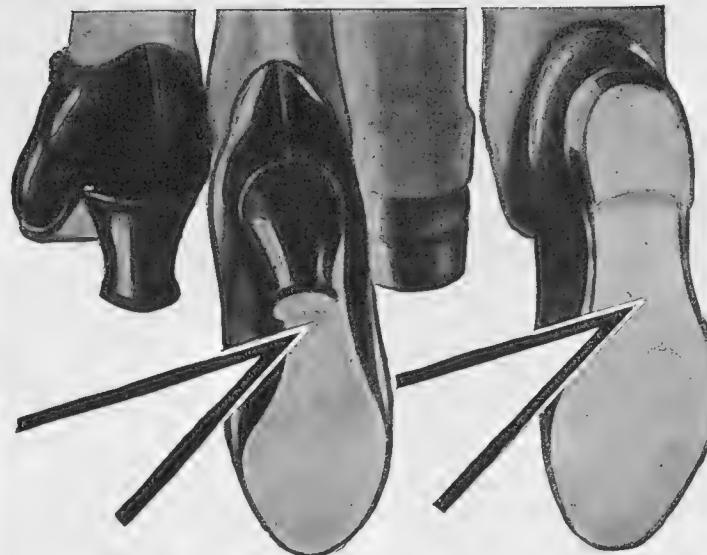
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**CORK.** Kingston, Miss M., 35, Mac-Curtain Street.

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**DERBY.** Higham, Mr. J. P., 7, Sadler Gate.

**DONCASTER.** Marsh, Mr. R., 1, St. Sepulchre Gate.

**DOUGLAS.** J. M. Kermode & Bignell, 3, Castle Street.

**DUBLIN.** Bradley, J. Vincent, 23, Nassau Street.

**DURHAM.** Stratham, H. & Son, 36, Silver Street.

**EASTBOURNE.** Vine & Son, Terminus Road.

**EAST GRINSTEAD.** Russell, A. & Son, Ltd., London Road.

**EDINBURGH.** Mundell, A., Ltd., 37, South Bridge; Mundell, A., Ltd., 161, Lothian Road.

**ENFIELD.** Martin, T. W., 59, Church St.

**EXETER.** Squires, H. T., Ltd., 205, High Street.

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**FALKIRK.** N. B. Watson, H. B., Ltd., 121, High Street.

**FALMOUTH.** Waters & Son, 16, Market Street.

**FOLKESTONE.** Runtle, A. H., 131a, Sandgate Road.

**GLASGOW.** Ferguson, G. R., Ltd., 189, Argyle Street; Ferguson, G. R., Ltd., 113, Union Street.

**GUILDFORD.** Jack, Mrs., 57, High St.

**HALIFAX.** Stockwell, N., Ltd., 3, Crown Street.

**HANLEY.** Stoke-on-Trent, Goodson & Son, Tontine Square.

**HARROGATE.** Barber, T., 17, James Street.

**HASTINGS.** Hall & Son, 28, Robertson St.

**HAY, Hereford.** Golesworthy, F. W.

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**INVERNESS.** MacKenzie, J. W. & Co., 9, Church Street.

**IPSWICH.** Alderton, Thos., & Son, 44, Butter Market.

**KENDAL.** Jamieson's, 35, Highgate.

**KINGS LYNN.** Pugh & Son, 119, High Street.

**LARNE.** Ross, R. & Co., Cross Street.

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**LINCOLN.** Ives, Wm., 3, Guildhall St.

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**LLANDRINDOD WELLS.** Eadie & Son, Park Crescent.

**LONDONDERRY.** McCutcheon, J., 11, Butcher Street.

**LOWESTOFT.** Alderton, A. E., 108, London Road.

**LYTHAM.** Dicks, 53, Clifton Street.

**MAIDSTONE.** Marsh & Son, 29, High St.

**MANCHESTER.** Edwards, J., & Son, Ltd., 61, Deansgate.

**MANSFIELD.** Higham, J. P., 7, West Gate.

**MARGATE.** Russell & Bromley, Ltd., 230, Northdown Road.

**MIDDLESBROUGH.** Clinkard, C., 19, Corporation Road.

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**PAIGNTON.** Norton, G. A., 12, Palace Avenue.

**PENZANCE.** Grose & Co., 20, Market Place.

**PERTH.** Carmichael, D., & Son, 71, South Methven Street.

**PLYMOUTH.** Richards, S. George, 42, Mutley Plain.

**PONTYPOOL.** Parkhouse, F. A., Commercial Street.

**PRESTON.** Jamieson & Sons, Ltd., 2-3, Queen's Buildings, Fishergate.

**PONTARDULAIIS.** Aubrey, J. W., Hope Street.

**RICKMANSWORTH.** Gilham & Sons, 141, High Street.

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**ROMFORD.** Morgan, G., 38, London Rd.

**RUGBY.** Hands, F. E. & Son, 34, Sheep Street.

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**SALISBURY.** Stanleys, Blue Boar Row.

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**SHEFFIELD.** Walsh, J., Ltd., High St.

**SHEREWSBURY.** Little & Cooper, Ltd., 4, Market Street.

**SOUTHAMPTON.** Tyrrell & Green, Ltd., 136-152, Above Bar.

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## Pictures in the Fire—continued

better human material than we have now—and I consider our human material is about a vintage crop—America quite easily might be stronger even than she is now. We know that at the moment our people, man for man, are as good, and that it was in the main an overseas operation which beat them and our ponies, and it seems to me that it is a time to use this material before it has time to go stale. The main thing I feel sure is to do all the battle practice in America, and have the people and the ponies over there for a far longer period than has been considered sufficient in all our invasions from 1924 onwards. It is the only way in which our team would get a chance of starting on anything like even terms with America.

Here is one letter from my most vigilant "Eye-Witness," who of course saw both the matches:

They were both very good games indeed, the second being the best polo game I have ever seen.

In the first game Roark and Lacey both played beautifully. Guinness was a bit shaky in the first two periods, but after that settled down and played a very steady game. He was not, however, getting much length on his knock-ins. Poor Balding was absolutely at a loss, and his hitting was terrible, but it is hard to blame him as he was out of place as No. 1, and obviously nervous.

On the American side, Hopping was certainly the star. Pedley was good, but was well controlled by Guinness. Hitchcock played a very good pivotal game, but was missing more than usual. Guest was very steady and got great length on all his shots.

The second game was a real thriller and nip and tuck up to the end of the sixth period. Roark was magnificent, and on that game should certainly have his handicap raised to ten goals. Lacey was also brilliant in spots, but not quite so good as in the first game in my opinion. Guinness played splendidly and got very good length on his shots, and his knock-ins were almost as good as Guest. Balding was more efficient, but still obviously out of his place.

I really think that if the No. 1's had been switched, or if we had a really efficient No. 1, we should have won both games.

As regards the ponies, it was obvious that the three weeks during which they were practically thrown out of training had made just the difference, as they could stand the first seven chukkers' play and then were beat. It seems that the only way to regain the cup is for the team and ponies to come to California in the winter and play right through, so that the ponies are just as acclimated and just as fit as the American ponies, and this is the opinion of a good many people with whom I have talked the matter over.

Taking it all in all, and considering the small amount of practice our people got, I think they put up a grand show, and we have nothing to be ashamed of.

I feel sure that Roark on "White Slave" will go down in history as one of the most beautiful sights ever seen on a polo ground.

From another very reliable source I hear that it was not the official stud of ponies which let us down, and that the only ones which did not stand up to it were Mr. L. L. Lacey's. My informant says that in the second game, which we ought to have won easily, and in which we made most of the running, "Lacey's ponies let us down." It seems a pity that in any adventure like this as strict a rule should not be run over the ponies any individual may propose to play as is run over the players themselves. Another critic says Mr. Lacey was inclined to be too far back in the game. He is a back "by profession," as we must remember, and was being played No. 2. It was the lack of a really first-class No. 1 which was the bane.



Miss Compton Collier  
AT MARRINGTON HALL: LIEUT.-COLONEL AND  
MRS. STAFFORD PRICE-DAVIES

Marrington is Lieut.-Colonel Stafford Price-Davies Shropshire seat. Brompton Hall, his other place, is in Montgomeryshire, of which he was Sheriff in 1898. He commanded the 53rd (Welch) Divisional Ammunition Column in 1915. Mrs. Price-Davies is the eldest daughter of Mr. C. E. Charlesworth of Conyngham Hall, Knaresborough, Yorkshire.



The Finest Whisky  
on 'Record'



THE DENNIS-GRAHAM WEDDING

A group taken at the marriage of Captain M. E. Dennis, M.C., R.H.A., and Miss Joan Graham, which took place last month at Usk. Captain Dennis is Adjutant of the 1st Brigade Royal Horse Artillery, and very well known in hunting and steeple-chasing circles. His wife is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Douglas Graham

## Recently Engaged.

Dr. Walter Wyatt Grave, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Grave of King's Lynn, and Miss Kathleen Margaret Macpherson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Macpherson of the Bay House, Gerrards Cross; Mr. Geoffrey Henry Heywood, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Heywood of Christleton Lodge, Chester, and Mlle. Magdeleine Herpin, the younger daughter of M. Jean and the late Madame Herpin of 66, Avenue de Versailles,

Paris; Mr. Gilbert Brooke-Hitching, the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel P. M. and Mrs. Brooke-Hitching of 11, Stanhope Street, W., and Miss Phyllis von der Porten, the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. von der Porten of New York; Flight-Lieutenant William Shepherd Allen, Royal Air Force, and Miss Joan Noel Riley, the daughter of the late Mr. Oliver Riley and Mrs. William Allen; Mr. Harold Aplin, C.M.G., of the Nyasaland Administrative Service, and Miss Marion Sylvestre Bostock, the elder daughter of Dr. Bostock of Lourenço Marques.

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. P. J. SYKES

Photographed after their wedding on September 20. The bride is the daughter of Mr. A. E. Cowper, and was formerly Miss Lucy Barbara Cowper. They were married at Chalfont St. Giles

Marrying Abroad  
Mr. Alan James Galloway, elder son of the Sir James Galloway, Harley Street, L. Galloway of Ewell, Surrey, is marrying Miss Mary Menzies, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Menzies of Rafael, California; the 10th of this month. Mr. Hallowell Charles Hermann Thomas and Miss Cynthia Zipporah Cowell are to be married in Trinidad.

\* \* \*  
Marrying Shortly  
On October 16 Richard Orton, 60th Rifles, and Miss Jean Anderson are to be married at Hungerford Parish Church; days later sees the marriage between Mr. Donald MacLennan and Miss Sybil Pasley, which is to be at All Saints' Ennismore Garden, and a November wedding is that of Mr. Russell Ellice of Ingary and Miss Christopher Wardrop, which is the 20th at Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road, Kensington.

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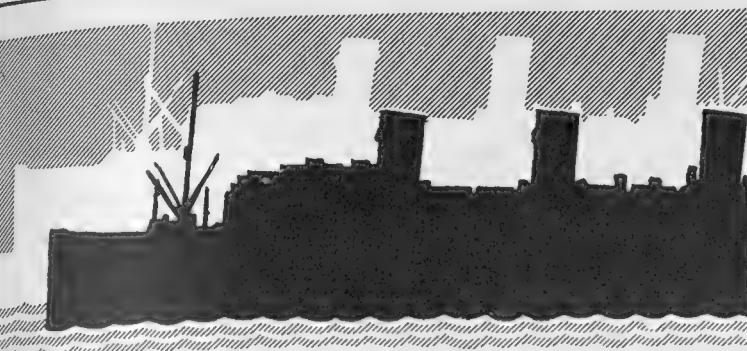
The old Manor House and Church of Ditcheat maintain their traditional dignity in the old English countryside from which comes the daily supply of fresh and creamy, of the delicious St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, the only cheese ever awarded a Gold Medal by the International Medical Congress. It contains the long-life cultures of Massol, which promote health and purify the system.

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## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

These notes should appear on the first day of the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace. This is, of course, one of the premier shows of the world, and all who are interested in the dog cult should make a point of attending. It is also the first big show in the London District after the holidays, and marks the opening of the autumn season.

\* \* \*

There are some breeds about which a flavour of romance always lingers, due mainly to the legends in connection with them which delighted our childhood, or to their original homes and occupations. Among them are the St. Bernard, the Irish wolfhound, the deerhound, the Saluki, and of small breeds the Cairn and the Dandie Dinmont, the latter breed especially, and its appearance carries it out, as the Dandie is possessed of the most beautiful melting eyes and expression, which utterly belie his character. He is still "a fell chield at the vermin" as in the days of Sir Walter, but he also has a most wise and understanding mind.



ADOLPHINE  
The property of Mrs. Gatacre



QUICKSILVER SHEILA DE CHAVALARD AND HER PUPPIES

In the "pram" made specially for them. The property of Mrs. D. McM. Kavanagh

Miss Horsfall has never wavered in her affection for the Dandie. She has done very well on the bench in past years, but all the Dandies have been very busy with their families this year, so they have not attended the summer shows. She sends a photograph of the well-known Matron Hillary Kelpie. Kelpie is now five years old and as gay and lively as a kitten. She is a winner at championship shows, and is the dam and grand-dam of winners. At the moment there are for sale in the Hillary Kennels some promising merry puppies, her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Mrs. Gunning also has some very nice, healthy, well-bred Dandie pups for sale.

(by different sires) have competed in fifty-four classes, and have won thirty-seven firsts, fourteen seconds, and fourteen thirds under eight different judges, including two Dutch and one Swiss. At Cruft's this year they won eight of the ten classes for Schnauzers. At the moment Mrs. Kavanagh has a particularly good litter for disposal, also two young bitches of eight and ten months. All these are first-class specimens. Mrs. Kavanagh is shortly moving, and is therefore anxious to reduce her stock as much as possible.

\* \* \*

All letters should be addressed to  
MISS BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



HILLARY KELPIE  
The property of Miss Horsfall

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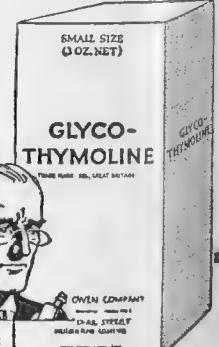
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Start a course of Sanatogen to-day, and in a few weeks you will notice its wonderful influence on your own health. Nerve weakness will disappear, you will feel radiantly healthy again, strong and energetic—with a keen appetite and a new joy of life.

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This Red Ashay mascot takes the form of an illuminated elephant. He is reflected in the shade of the lamp



Even the most adventurous schoolboy will not dare slide down the banister while this Red Ashay mascot mounts guard

maker have united in producing the Red Ashay mascots; they are illuminated in four separate colours or combinations of the same. Illustrated on this page is a Red Ashay elephant

## HOME AND CAR

mascot standing at the base of a lamp. Then there is the banister mascot. Illustrations of other mascots will be found in a brochure which, together with the name of the nearest agent, will be sent on application to the makers, H. G. Ascher, 44, Holborn Viaduct,



Luck will certainly attend the woman whose mirror is softly illuminated with this Red Ashay mascot

## Between Friends



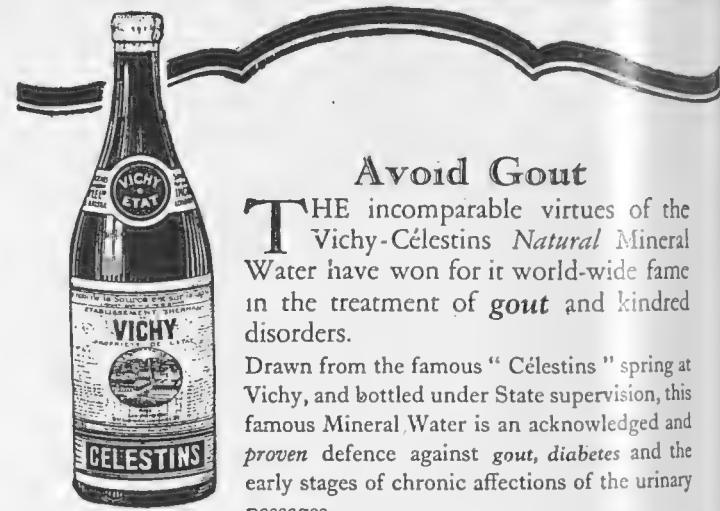
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FINE OLD  
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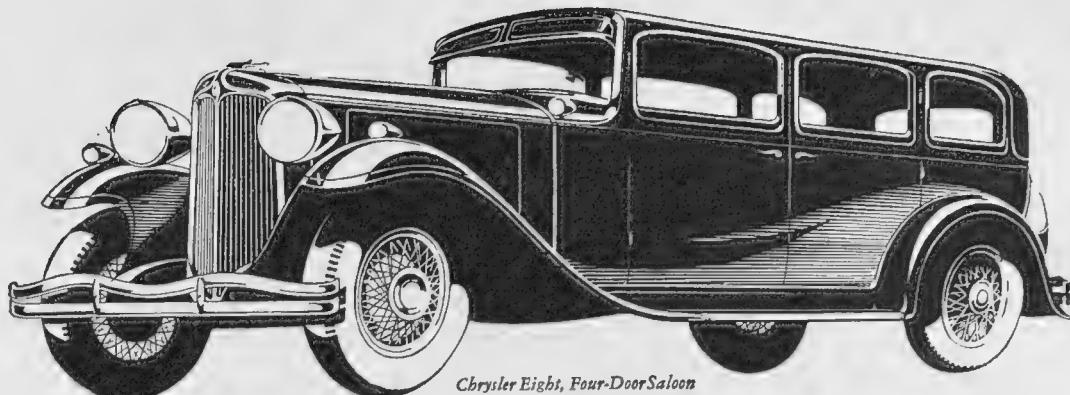
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The popular De Soto Six which broke all records for sales of a first year car is priced as low as £298 for the Four-Door Saloon. The De Soto Straight Eight is a revelation. Hydraulic brakes, down-draught carburettor; speed, smoothness, luxury.

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A fine full-sized car, with a host of refinements and modern engineering practice, which challenge comparison with higher priced cars. Chrysler-built with its attendant amazing performance. At the extremely low price, for the Four-Door Saloon, of £226.

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## The Lollard—continued

Captain Nunn's chair tilted backwards, and the orderly-room clerk adroitly turned a laugh into a sneeze.

"A what?"

"A Lollard, sir," Smythe repeated firmly.

"Good gracious! I thought the sect was extinct."

"By no means, sir. We are very strong in the West of England and the North of Scotland."

"Well then I'd better put you down as a Nonconformist?"

Smythe stared at him in horror, because he knew what happened to members of the Free Churches on Sunday. They were paraded together regardless of denomination, marched to the site of a Roman amphitheatre two miles distant, and there participated in a service three times as long as that of their Church of England comrades, who were in the canteen a good hour and a half before they returned.

"Oh, excuse me, sir," said Smythe feebly, "but it would be wrong to put me down as that. Nonconformists are those who have seceded from the Established Church. Our religion was founded by John Wycliffe more than a hundred years before the Reformation. It is impossible, therefore, that we should be Nonconformists."

Captain Nunn frowned.

"Well, what am I going to do about you then? You haven't a place of worship anywhere near here I suppose?"

As the only place of worship within five miles was a chapel-of-ease attended once a month by a Church Army officer, and only then if his motor-cycle were in running order, this was not a particularly brilliant supposition on Captain Nunn's part.

"Oh no, sir. We Lollards have no places of worship. On Sunday mornings we walk about the lanes singing. Lollard, sir, is old English for singer. If there are no other Lollards in the battalion, sir, I suppose I shall have to walk about the lanes singing by myself."

Captain Nunn stroked his chin, a favourite gesture of his when he was puzzled. He was a good sort who would have hated to fetter any man's conscience.

"Very well, Smythe," he said, making a note, "you're excused church parades."

Thus was Smythe free every Sunday from hut-inspection until Last Post.

We did not go overseas as a unit but drifted away in batches to supply drafts to our service battalions in France. Smythe and I spent the winter in camp—or rather Smythe spent some of the winter there. Scarcely a week passed but he could one day be seen on his way to the station, kitbag on shoulder, shining like the dawn, a perfectly legitimate

pass in his pocket. Of all the scrimshankers, lead-swingers, skyvers, and mikers I ever knew, he came a handsome first in the matter of getting leave. He was the undoubted Furlough King.

Smythe always had a good excuse for getting away, and could present it in such a manner that humanity rebelled at the bare thought of saying him nay. The mortality in his family in those days was awful, and the perpetually bereaved was for ever being bidden to death-beds or funerals. If Smythe suspected his tale to be doubted, out would come a letter with which some civilian perjurer had provided him. "Your Aunt Bessie sinking fast. Your whole future may depend on reaching her bedside and making your peace with her in time." "Granny is to be buried the day after to-morrow. Your poor Uncle Edward is a shattered wreck. I tremble to think of what may happen if you are not by his side to support him at the funeral." What decent O.C. Company could refuse leave in the face of such letters. Certainly not Captain Nunn.

Winter was already on the wane when Smythe met with his first serious disappointment. There was some measles about, and as soon as the patients were recovered and free from infection they were given leave to go home and enjoy their convalescence at their respective families' expense. Smythe spent nearly the whole of a legitimate weekend leave in the bedroom of a measles patient, and although when he came back he infected two-thirds of the hut, he himself remained immune. He was a carrier, not a consumer. Bitterly he referred to himself as a "germ-orderly."

But from the seeds of despair sprang inspiration. On the Monday preceding Ash Wednesday a sudden light illuminated the Lollard's face and he exclaimed, "I know!" What he "knew" he did not tell me at the time, but I heard about it afterwards. On the following morning he paraded for Orderly Room along with the defaulters and those who wished to have speech with Captain Nunn.

Smythe was marched in by our sergeant-major, who halted him opposite the table with a word of command uttered out of a corrugated-iron throat. Smythe stamped like a charger, clicked his heels, and obliged with his best salute, which ended with a little quiver of the hand. Captain Nunn responded with the gesture of a tired man dismissing a fly.

"Well, Smythe, what do you want?" he asked.

"Beg to apply for seven weeks' leave, sir," said Smythe.

The sergeant-major uttered a cough like the deepest note of a bassoon, then, to cover his own lapse, he roared at Smythe to stand still. The clerk saved his face by dropping a pen and groping to recover it. Captain Nunn half rose, then sat again suddenly and heavily.

"Weeks!" he exclaimed. "Did you say weeks, Smythe?"

(Continued on p. xviii)

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# SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES—



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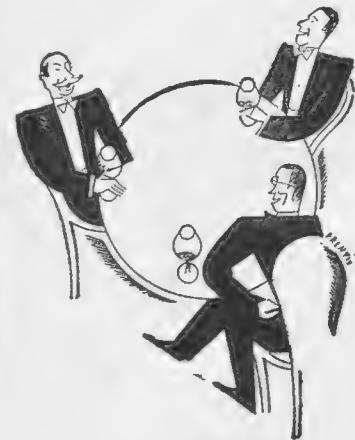
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**a**

**little**

**longer!**



Pour a little Bisquit Dubouché brandy into a big, thin ballon glass. Warm it gently with your hands. Then—on a palate refreshed with coffee—drink slowly, sip by sip. Thus you will savour the marvellous 'length' for which this brandy is famed. A lingering fragrance—a ravishing flavour, the warmth and perfume of a distant summer that ripened the Charentes grapes to bursting—perhaps before you yourself were born.

Vintage 1884
30/- per bottle
Vintage 1878
36/- per bottle
Vintage 1870
37/6 per bottle
Vintage 1865
40/- per bottle
Vintage 1840
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# BISQUIT DUBOUCHÉ

● GRANDE FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

Listed and obtainable at all leading Hotels, Restaurants, Wine Merchants and Stores.

## The Lollard—continued

"Yes, sir. It is the practice of us Lollards to go into strict retirement for the period of Lent and one week afterwards. It is one of our strictest laws. I am sorry, sir, to ask for such a privilege, but my conscience is involved."

"But good heavens, man, I can't give you that amount of leave."

"In that case, sir, you have uttered the words of my spiritual doom. And I fear that the Army will find it very difficult to recruit Lollards."

"I must speak to the C.O." said Captain Nunn, after a moment's reflection. "Parade outside here at five o'clock."

The Colonel was extremely interested.

"A Lollard!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know there were any of them left."

"Well, we've got one, sir, and a particularly fruity specimen. Not a bad soldier either, and he's down for a commission."

"I don't know what to do about it quite," said our C.O. "They're bringing in conscription but leaving loopholes for conscientious objectors. I suppose unless this fellow gets leave to attend to his devotions every Lollard in the country will become a conchie. Better let him go I suppose."

So Smythe went while the hedges were yet budless, and returned when the leaf was out. However, his reign was curtailed and came to an abrupt end.

One sunny Sunday morning Captain Nunn, not being on duty, sat in a field about a mile from the camp, his tunic undone and a pipe in his mouth. There was a hedge behind him, and beyond the hedge there was a lane. Approaching along the lane he heard a familiar voice uplifted in song:

Another little drink,  
And another little drink,  
And another little drink  
Wouldn't do us any harm.

Captain Nunn rose and peered over the hedge. A khaki-clad figure was approaching, hands in pockets, at a leisurely pace. It was the Lollard practising his private devotions.

Nunn said nothing, but rubbed his chin thoughtfully. When he got back to camp he removed Smythe's name from the list of men "likely to make suitable officers" and put him down on the next draft for France. Five days' draft leave before he went out partly recompensed Smythe for the change in his fortunes.

A couple of months later I, too, was on draft leave, when I met Smythe in the Strand. Muhammad could have been no more astonished

had he met the Mountain at half distance on its way to pay him a formal call.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, imagining for the moment that he might just have left hospital, "you haven't stopped one already, have you?"

"Not yet," he said wearily, "but I suppose it's only a matter of time. Take my advice and don't come out if you can help it. There's too little food and sleep and too much hard work. Besides there are times when it seems hardly safe."

"But what on earth are you doing back in England?" I demanded,

"Oh," he answered nonchalantly, "I'm on leave. I go back to-morrow."

"Leave! After two months!"

"Special leave," he informed me. "I got leave to come home and be married."

I stared almost with reverence at this king of leave-getters. Of course, I reflected, his C.O. in France didn't know him as he was known in England.

"You were darn lucky to get it," I remarked.

"I think not. Our C.O. is a reasonable and humane man. I pointed out to him that there were urgent reasons why I should marry the lady without delay. I also pointed out to him that we Lollards never married without similar urgent reasons. He didn't seem to know much about us Lollards, but he applied for leave for me through Brigade, and it came through."

"And when?" I asked, "did you get married?"

By way of reply Smythe gave me a slow smile and the flicker of an eyelid.

"You silly ass!" I exclaimed. "They'll want to see a copy of your marriage certificate when you get back, and if you can't produce it you'll be court-martialled and Lord knows what will happen to you."

"I think not," he answered in a tired voice. "It may not be generally known, but when we Lollards marry it is customary for us to burn the certificate immediately after the ceremony. This destruction of the evidence of a civil contract is both a symbol of the spirituality of our union and of the complete trust we place in one another."

He invited me to join him in drinking the health of the shadowy bride, but I had not time, so we went our different ways, and I never saw nor heard of him again.

When I went out it was not to the battalion infested by Smythe, and afterwards I sought for news of him in vain. I hope he came through, but I have a theory that he was shot by one of our own officers and that the affair was decently hushed up.

**SOFTNESS THAT ENSURES RESTFUL SLEEP**

WHEN next you purchase a mattress, ask to see the "Vi-Spring" Overlay Mattress. Then make this test. Press the "Vi-Spring" and see how deeply your hand sinks into its exquisitely soft surface. Release your pressure and it will immediately resume its normal shape. Every square inch of the "Vi-Spring" is full of this gentle "give." Hundreds of small resilient springs are ready to receive your tired body and to allow you to relax in luxurious ease, perfectly composed for restful sleep.

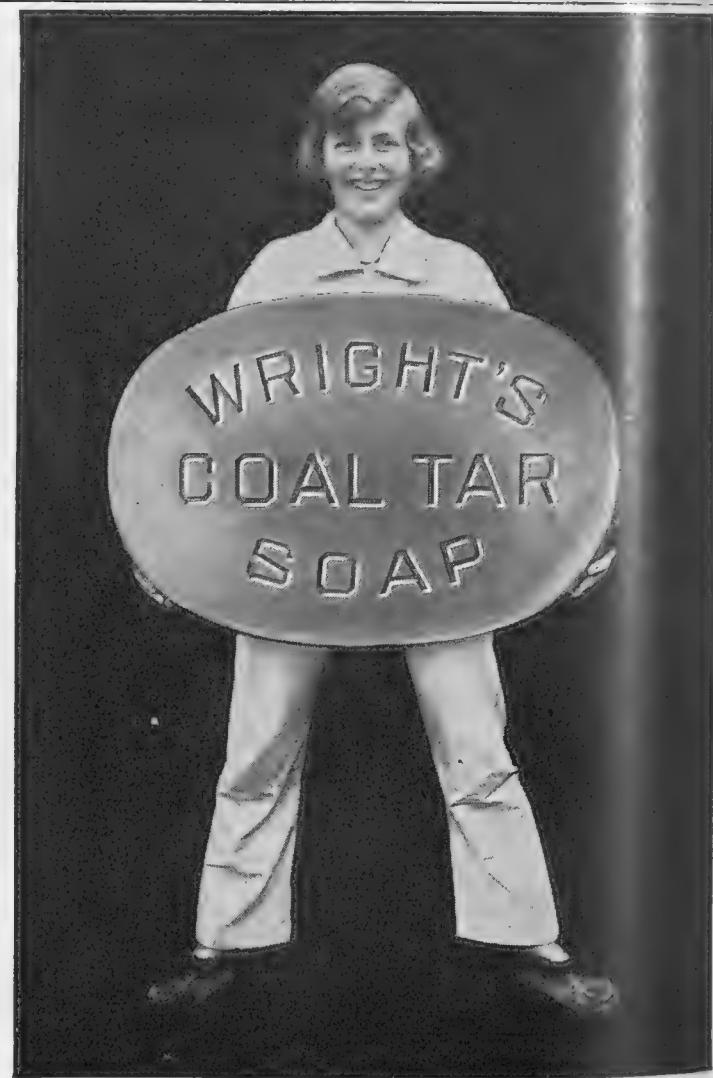
The "Vi-Spring" is the original pocketed spring overlay mattress which for more than 25 years has been dispensing rest beyond compare. Its service also is enduring. Look for the registered name "Vi-Spring" and avoid the "just as good" or "better" at a less price. Hundreds of conscientious and reliable House Furnishers prefer to recommend the "Vi-Spring" and retain the confidence of their customers; such houses are worthy of your support.

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# Furs are right

THE LATEST EDICT of fashion is that furs must be worn. From morn till midnight, furs are de rigueur. And where is the woman who would dispute with fashion the rightness of this decree? For no other thing in the whole gallery of dress is so dear to the feminine heart as fur.

Matching loveliness with discretion and moderating luxury with simplicity, Revillon's winter collection is indeed a triumph. Splendid skins, brilliant designs and fine workmanship, create a delightful harmony in every model. There are short fur coats for the sports occasions, fur coats of moderate length for afternoons, and long wraps. The muff is seen again and not only seen, but approved. The new tweeds are represented in charming designs relieved by fur. And the prices must be noticed for their moderation.

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Frères*

A U T H E N T I C   F U R S

Russian Ermine coat,  
45" long, rare quality  
and exceptional price  
195 guineas



Paris ✸ ✸ 180 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 ✸ ✸ New York

**Petrol Vapour—continued**

she takes a bit of holding, but she will be much better in this respect when she gets her "all-aluminium" engine. At present she has iron blocks. A most estimable thing is that, as you go along, you can ease or harden the shock-absorbers on either axle independently by adjusting

knobs on the instrument-board. This effect is really quite extraordinary and wonderfully illustrates the fact that the ordinary absorber is very limited in its scope. Altogether a most delightful and informative experience, for to me the utterly quiet and effortless hot-stuff sports model is something quite new. I have more than a fancy that before long there will be more than one of these "Wilson-Liners" on the road, though whether with fluid fly-wheels and self-changing gears I would not venture to guess.

**More Novelty.**

And that last sentence reminds me that the new Mercédès—or rather two of them, the 45-280 h.p. and the 2·6 litre—are equipped with six-speed gear-boxes, providing a direct normal top and also a geared-up top. I doubt not that there will be great argument as to the need for so many ratios, for many will hold that four are ample with a multi-cylinder engine, and there will be not a few to uphold the virtues of three only. In this matter it is as well to bear in mind the salient fact that they are neither heavy nor costly nor noisy; there cannot be any objection to a lot of gears for they mean highest efficiency and highest economy all along the line, or rather the varying road. They are only troublesome if changing from one to the other calls for manual dexterity and effort. Mercédès-Benz-Maybach have, however, seen to that possible disadvantage. They provide a pre-selecting finger-lever adjacent to the steering-wheel. Having placed that opposite the desired notch, you allow the throttle-pedal momentarily to come back, then depress it again, and the engine-suction does all the business for you, noiselessly and jerklessly.



THE HON. JEAN LOCH AND MR. GUY NEUMANN

On the North Berwick links last week. Miss Loch is the second daughter of Major-General Lord Loch, and Mr. Neumann is a brother of Sir Cecil Neumann



THE HON. YOSKYL PEARSON AND CAPTAIN DUDLEY NORTON

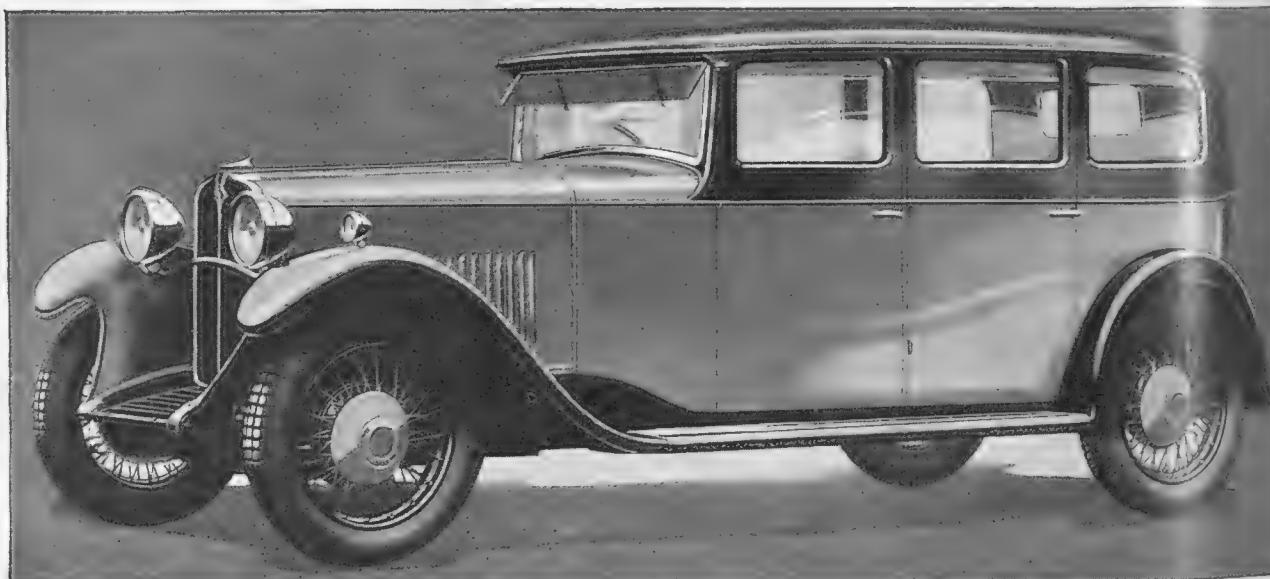
Another North Berwick snapshot. The Hon. Yoskyl Pearson is a daughter of Lord and Lady Cowdray. Captain Norton is in the 16th/5th Lancers

**MOST COMPLETELY EQUIPPED CARS AT OLYMPIA****STAND**

THE



**Equipment Includes:** Four wheel hydraulic jacking system, Bendix Perrot Brakes on four wheels, Automatic thermostatic radiator shutters, High pressure engine lubrication, One-shot lubrication, Reserve petrol supply, Patent signalling window, Concealed tables, Window louvres, etc. (Tax £18)



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*Low first cost.  
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Delightful performance.  
Comfort and enjoyment.  
Long life.  
Only £50 down.*



NEW FORD TUDOR SALOON AT YORK MINSTER SHOWING THE OLD CITY GATE, THE BOOTHAM BAR

## "I bought my Ford Car on the recommendation of a friend"

"FRIENDS' RECOMMENDATION" stands first on the list of reasons why so many people are owning New Ford Cars. That faith of its owners—revealed by a recent enquiry—is one of the proudest possessions of the New British Ford—the new car supplied to the British Isles from the busy Ford Works at Manchester.

Ask the owner of a New British Ford to tell you about the car. Learn from him, for example, the many assurances of safety in driving and riding in a New Ford. Powerful four-wheel brakes. Strong, welded steel spoke wheels. Large tyres. Robust all-steel body. Unsplinterable glass windscreen.

Learn, also, how delightfully the New Ford performs on hills and in traffic, how easy it is

to steer, how well and safely it holds the road at fast speeds.

You will be particularly interested in the moderate cost of this superior transportation. Low first cost because of Ford methods. Low insurance, because the Ford lasts so well. Low upkeep costs because of economical Ford facilities.

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A New British Ford car is not beyond your means. Only £50 down secures immediate delivery, all charges included. Enquire to-day at your nearest Ford dealer.

LINCOLN



Fordson

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, London and Manchester**

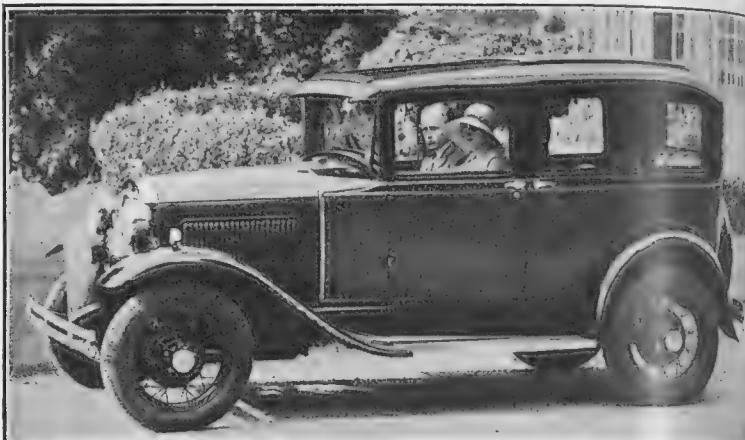
## MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

**S**hell oil is now the only lubricant officially recommended by Morris Motors, Ltd., for use in cars of their manufacture. It must be obvious that no motor - manufac-turer alone can specify, nor oil - manufac-turer alone produce, the best lubricant for any engine. The ideal is that the chemists and engineers of both companies should co-operate with each other over a number of years and pool their experience. This is just what the Morris and Shell concerns have been doing for ten years past. All the oil concerns have a research laboratory, but Shell-Mex, Ltd., go two steps from that. They run a travelling laboratory, i.e. one fitted with some twelve special instruments to observe the behaviour of lubricants in engine, gear-box, and back-axle under actual working conditions, and they employ the celebrated Ricardo engineering laboratories at Shoreham to reproduce road conditions as faithfully as possible, and make tests and investigations in engines actually at work. Again, no car manufacturer takes greater pains than Morris Motors, Ltd.,

to look after the cars they have sold, to keep them in service, and to retain the good will of their owners. Thus a recommendation from this particular firm of manufacturers—and in a matter so vital to the life of a car as oil—is of more than ordinary value and importance. The correct grades of shell for Morrises, it may interest readers to know, are "Double" for all four-cylinder models in summer and winter, and for all six-cylinder models "Triple" in summer and "Double" in winter. To assist the owner-driver the Company publish a clear form of lubrication chart.

\* \* \*

**T**he first women to motor alone from Cape Town to Cairo, Miss M. Belcher and Miss E. Budgell, landed at Dover on September 29. The car used was a Morris Oxford 1924 touring model which had already done 25,000 miles before the journey began. Virtually no adjustments were required throughout the whole trip. Shell petrol and Dunlop tyres were employed. The ladies left Cape Town on April 1 and arrived at Cairo five-and-a-half months later, on September 15. Floods impeded their progress for seven weeks in Rhodesia and for two weeks at Khartum. The route followed was Johannesburg, Bulawayo, Livingstone, Abercorn, Nairobi, Juba, Khartum, Wadi Halfa, and Assuan.



THE NEW FORD FORDOR DE-LUXE SALOON

WHEN VISITING THE  
**MOTOR SHOW**  
BE SURE YOU SEE PERTRIX

AT OLYMPIA  
OCTOBER 16<sup>TH</sup> TO 25<sup>TH</sup>  
STAND N<sup>o</sup>. 289  
NATIONAL HALL  
GALLERY

**PERTRIX**  
BATTERIES  
STARTING - LIGHTING - IGNITION

"The batteries you can trust"

BRITANNIA BATTERIES Ltd., 233, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

for  
**Hospitality or Health**

Whether you choose Brandy for hospitality or health choose Castillon, "Brandy at its very best." Castillon is very mellow to the palate, yet it has all the body and vitality of a fine Cognac, which indeed it is. The medicinal value of Castillon makes it a Brandy worth relying on.

Buy Castillon Cognac Brandy in whole and half bottles or handy pocket flasks from wine and spirit merchants or the principal stores. Should you have any difficulty please write to us, The London Agents, 85 Turnmill Street, E.C.1

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BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST  
COGNAC

# ROLLS-ROYCE

*The Best Car in the World*



Rolls-Royce cars of the latest type are being shown on the stand of  
Automobiles Rolls-Royce (France) Ltd at the

## PARIS SALON

from October 2nd to 12th

and on the stand of Rolls-Royce Limited at

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At both Exhibitions Rolls-Royce cars will also be displayed on the stands of  
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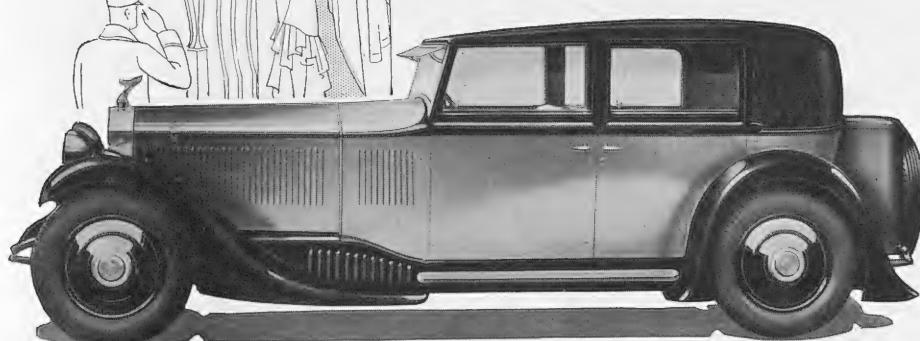


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Into it are built the whims and fancies of its owner . . . it is an eloquent expression of his tastes—his individuality. A work of elegance . . . created by craftsmen who have behind them over 170 years' supremacy in the designing and building of beautiful and dignified coachwork.



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## RUGBY RAMBLINGS—continued

amateurism. His retirement would be a heavy loss to Rugby. The English selectors are in one sense much more hardly worked than those of other countries, for they have far greater distances to travel, and therefore more demand is made on their time. It is this that causes whatever difficulty there may be; few men are in a position to give up two—perhaps three—days a week to the inspection of candidates, possible and impossible. England is fortunate to possess several men who are favourably situated in this respect, and who are also excellent judges of the game.

Our committee was very lucky in the match with Wales last January. They had made one of their few glaring mistakes of recent years in omitting J. S. Tucker from the pack, and it was only the sudden indisposition of H. Rew that made it possible to bring in the Bristol man at the very last moment. No one who was at Cardiff will ever forget the thrill that went round when it became known that Sam was being flown over from Bristol, to arrive twenty minutes before the kick-off and to play the game of his life. There was never any talk of dropping the Bristol captain after that, and he is in harness again this season.

Bristol has, indeed, got off the mark very smartly, and has already secured victories over Cardiff and Swansea. The aforesaid Sam is leading the forwards as well as ever, and there is

much talk of the Bristol halves, more especially of the stand-off Barrington, who has already been described as another W. J. A. Davies! That is the kind of "criticism" one expects thus early in the season. "LINE-OUT."

## EVE AT GOLF—continued from p. 92

Next day the putting was even more difficult, and lamentations rent the air on every side. Not from Mrs. Ernest Hill, who fought Miss Molly Gourlay with that pointed weapon for sixteen holes and deserved every praise for the way she stuck to an uphill task, nor from Miss Corlett, Miss Morgan, Miss Judith Fowler, or any other of the selected band who were out in the 30's. Miss Enid Wilson was 39, too, but her putting was the weakest part. Against that must be put increased length and a new style, on the Bobby Jones' model, which promises well. But in the afternoon even Miss Fowler could not putt, which was why Miss Diana Plumpton's grand courage was able to turn 3 down at the 12th into a win at the 20th, just as a dramatic finish to an afternoon which had seen Miss Fleming beat Miss Diana Esmond at the last hole, Miss Rudgard account there for Mrs. Alec Gold, and Miss Winn beat Mrs. Garon's conqueror.

And there we must leave them, with a sneaking conviction that the name destined for the cup will be the winner of the Miss Wilson-Miss Morgan match.



AT NORTH BERWICK LAST WEEK

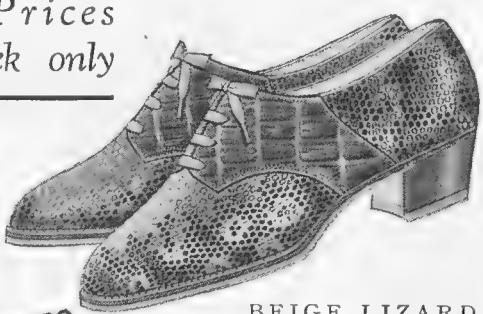
Balmain

At the first tee on the famous links Miss Violet and Miss Sheila Grahame, who are nieces of Lady Blythswood; the Hon. Patricia St. Clair, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Sinclair, and Miss Ursula Hanbury-Tracy, the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy and the late Major the Hon. Algernon Hanbury-Tracy, who was a kinsman of Lord Sudeley

# HARVEY NICHOLS

SPECIAL SHOE WEEK  
of  
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*Reliable Shoes marked  
at Special Prices  
for One Week only*



BEIGE LIZARD AND BROWN CROCODILE LACE SHOE, Crêpe sole, leather heel, suitable for golf or country wear. Special Week Price 47/6



NEW TIE SHOE in combination of Brown and Fawn Calf, solid leather heel, suitable for town or country wear.

Special Week Price 29/6

## Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

# GOOCH'S

THE MODERN STORE OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

GOOCH'S splendid reputation for Boys' Outfitting has been built up on 78 years of *specialisation*. Here are three of the season's styles for "little men" which will still further enhance this reputation.

## New Styles for Colder Days!



### The "Gresham"

Well cut by specialists, and excellently tailored by expert craftsmen. This coat is a perfect fitting garment and very comfortable. In good quality Tweeds in Brown, Fawn, Grey and Mixtures, also in Hand Woven Harris Tweeds. To fit 3 to 8 years.  
First size - 48/- to 64/-  
Rising 2/- each size.

Harris Tweeds (Fawn and Brown).  
First size (4 years) 69/-  
Rising 2/6 each size.

### The "Cameron"

A trimly tailored model particularly suitable for small boys. The smart back is an attractive feature. In Plain Coloured Tweeds in Blue and Brown, and Velour finished coatings in Green and Fawn. To fit 3 to 6 years.  
Tweeds, first size, Blue - 54/-  
Browns, 48/- and 54/-  
Rising 2/- each size.

Velours, first size, 66/-  
Rising 2/6 each size.

### The "Arley"

A Jersey giving all the comfort expected from a high-grade knitted garment, while having the smart appearance of a well-cut blouse. In Fawn, Tan, Green and Blue. To fit 4 to 8 years. First size - 14/-  
Rising 1/- each size.



GOOCH'S—The Modern Store of Knightsbridge,  
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*Phone: Kensington 5100.*



### A NEW SUIT

In mousshyver coat lined self material, the skirt has a pleat each side. Price 10 gns. Plain face stitched spun silk Jersey with small turnover Eton collar 63/- Tri-colour leather belt 29/6/- New double brim hat in all shades 45/- Bag to match 47/6

# Fortnum & Mason

182 PICCADILLY W1 Regent 0040

## "His Speech Betrayed Him"

By EAMON GARRY

A night or two ago I was stunned stupid by hearing the cultured voice of the cultured B.B.C. Announcer say "Tuppence"!

Even an ordinary person, like a Dean or a Cabinet Minister, would in such circumstances say "Two-pence." But announcers are ultra-ordinary. They are the gold standards of speech; their words are hall-marked with the insignia of perfection. And he said "Tuppence"!

I do not know what happens to Announcers who, Jupiter-like, fall from grace. They often do. The first week I am confined to my room with one of those attacks of catarrh which victimize me during the winter months I am going to listen-in all day and each day. I shall sit with pencil and pad at hand. And every slip an Announcer makes will be noted. I should imagine there is an average of three daily. The number of times the Announcer says: "I beg your pardons. I made a mistake in stating that 'Love's Sweet Song' is an anthem—it is, of course, a cantata," is remarkable.

I recently heard an Announcer say "The orchestra will now play 'Oberon' but we shall switch off in the course of this to announce the result of the Scott-Sharkey fight." A few minutes later he came back with "I beg your pardons. We shall not interrupt the orchestra to-night for the fight result. I made a mistake—the fight takes place to-morrow night!"

However, the B.B.C. are making courageous efforts to keep their Announcers on the straight-and-narrow. Especially in respect to

pronunciation. Incidentally, the result may be a standardized pronunciation all over the country. Or may be not. I cannot imagine the good folks of Lancashire and Yorkshire accepting the Oxford accents of the B.B.C. Announcers as right for Owdham and Hoordersfield!

Be that as it may, the B.B.C. are making their Announcers toe the line in this important matter. I heard one Announcer recently refer to "Romford," and two hours later another one referred to the same place as "Rumford." To obviate such inconsistencies, Announcers are now burning millions of watts of midnight electric light studying "Broadcast English II"—instructions in the gentle art of microphonic pronunciation.

Henceforth every B.B.C. programme is going to be full of chuckles—a different chuckle for different localities. The reason will be found in the fact that the pronunciations laid down in "Broadcast English II" are as the people in the place say them. The result may be funny to people elsewhere. For instance, I thought Cirencester was Syrencester, but the inhabitants call it Sisster; while to any Yorkshireman Slaithwaite is Slowit.

Slaithwaite is in a class apart. It is the location of the new Regional Station for the North, and therefore will figure largely in B.B.C. announcements. This important centre is allowed four pronunciations. The compiler of "Broadcast English II" says: "So long as she looks like Slaithwaite she must be content to be called something like it, and 'Slowit' will be a term of endearment restricted to her nearest and dearest, who may proudly proclaim their allegiance to her by addressing her as such. But so long as she masquerades as 'Slaithwaite' then 'Slaithwaite' she must be to the outside world, and 'Slaithwaite' she must be to the Announcer."

Then there is Marden in Kent, of which the B.B.C. says: "The Announcer will be criticized however he pronounces the name. If he says Marden he will be told that it is the only local pronunciation; if he says Marden, indignant critics will tell him it is Marden; if he declares that he is really saying Marden, he will be told that the place is never pronounced with two accents."

Clapham is dealt with in this way: It may be as Klaepem, or Klaepm, or Klae'm, or Klaephem. Its neighbouring suburb, Greenwich, may be announced as Grinnidge, Grinnich, or Grennich, while Gillingham can be Gillingam or Jillingam. But the B.B.C. gives its Announcers no choice with Cholmondeley—it must be called Chumley, and Cholmondeston has only one permissible microphone pronunciation—Chomson. In like manner Clapworthy becomes Clappery, and Hautbois is Hobbis.

All this is very interesting to the listener-in, and the pronunciation of ordinary words even more so. The disputable pronunciation of "amenable" is settled; it is ordained by Savoy Hill as "ameenable," while "flaccid" becomes "flaksid." Then there is our old friend "Eros," who now becomes "Eeross," and "harem," which most folks pronounce "hareem," is standardized to rhyme with harum-scarum.

My personal advice to all listeners-in is to secure a copy of the B.C.C. list of words, because our lives are passing into the control of Savoy Hill more and more. The authorities there decide our entertainment, they have written a book of "prayers" for us, and now are teaching us how to speak. At least, they think they are. Admitted, that the English language is full of anomalies, but for a central body in London to attempt to standardize our speech is to succeed in confounding confusion. Meanwhile, I am delighted to see that, apart from such wasted effort, the B.B.C. are expending other energy in the more useful endeavour of giving us better and brighter programmes. It is now almost conceivable that the time will come when the B.B.C. is beyond criticism.



Write, mentioning "The Tatler," for a copy of THE BURBERRY BOOK, containing many interesting facts relative to the great value of The Burberry both as a Weatherproof and as an Overcoat; patterns of materials and prices.

**Whenever  
it rains  
more than a million men and  
women, in all parts of the world,  
put on  
THE  
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## Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W., plead for 10s. weekly for one year to help a mother struggling to bring up her two boys. Brought up in comfortable circumstances, she married a man described to us as a "cheerful, plausible rogue" who squandered her money and then deserted her. Without losing courage she joined her only relative, a widowed aunt (whose income is only 27s. weekly), and with her help started to work for her two small sons. Although totally untrained to earn her living, she managed to carry on, taking any possible job, until eventually her health broke down. Now she can work only three mornings a week, for which she earns 9s. weekly. Her younger boy is at a school in the country where he receives free education, while the elder has won a trade scholarship and has one more year at his technical college—soon he will be able to support his mother, but the next twelve months will be very difficult, for out of their small income he has to pay 6s. weekly for dinners at school. If we could collect sufficient to give this little family an allowance of 10s. weekly for one year they would be self-supporting. Please will you send us gifts and so give these two boys a chance?

Lovers of dancing will welcome the return of dancing time, and a most enjoyable evening may be assured by dining in Lucullus and dancing in the Empress Rooms



Stage Photo Co.

IN "THE FAR-OFF HILLS": MR. E. J. KENNEDY AND MISS NATALIA MOYA

As Pierre Hegarty and Marian in Lennox Robinson's successful Irish comedy, "The Far-Off Hills," which is being played by the famous Irish Players at the Criterion Theatre

at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, where Al Lever and his band are playing. Last week the Cabaret at the Empress Rooms included Ivan Bankoff and Dick Cannon, the Three Cresos, and Burns and Allen.

The National Institute for the Deaf are asking for support in the great work they do for some 40,000 deaf and dumb people and hundreds of thousands of others who have become deaf from various causes. Life to these people is one long silence, unbroken by tone, cadence, or rhythm, and in which isolation and depression reign supreme. The object of the Institute is to bring greater happiness and wider activities into the lives of these afflicted people. Any help will be gratefully received by the Institute at 2, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Petticoat Influence* at the St. Martin's Theatre will be performed for the 150th time on Saturday next, October 11, and without any change in the cast. The play is now being rehearsed in Amsterdam. The first of the Scandinavian countries to do it will be Norway. The play has aroused extraordinary interest among overseas Britons employed in Government services, and Messrs. Readers have already received many applications for the amateur rights, including one from a remote station on the North-West Frontier of India. Frank Allenby's performance of the ambitious young Civil Servant, Dick Chalfont, seems to have particularly captured the imagination, and he is regarded as a perfect specimen of the Colonial Civil Servant.

The new Queen's Ice Skating Club was opened by the Mayor of Paddington (Alderman L. T. Snell, J.P.) on Friday last, and all the receipts on the opening day were given over to the



"LITTLE BUTTERCUP" AND  
MISS BERTHA LEWIS

The famous Gilbert and Sullivan actress with a counterfeit presentment of herself which was used as an advertisement of the H.M.S. "Pinafore" records made by His Master's Voice

St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The programme consisted of exhibition skating by Mr. H. Grenander, F.S.C. (ex World's Champion), Miss K. Watkins and Mr. J. F. Page, F.S.C. (British Champion, Gold Medallist), in the afternoon, and during the evening session by Mr. B. Ward, Miss J. Haslett, Miss Charlton, and Mr. V. Bowler.

The annual dinner of the Stage Golfing Society, always a most popular function, is to take place this year at the Savoy Hotel on Sunday, November 2. Leslie Henson, the president, will be in the chair, and supported by the captain, Basil Foster. Edgar Wallace is to propose the health of the guests. The entertainment which will follow is being organized by Mr. R. H. Gillespie.

In our issue of September 24 our caricaturist drew a picture of Anton Dolin in which he was described as dancing as a Japanese war god. The description should have been "Anton Dolin dancing his Manhattan Serenade."



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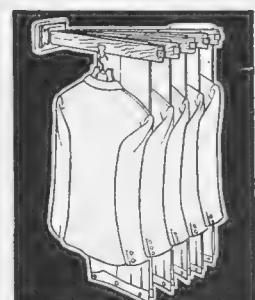
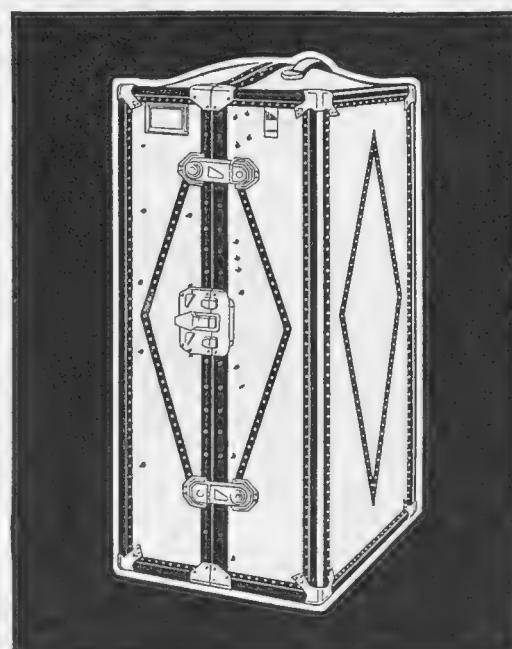
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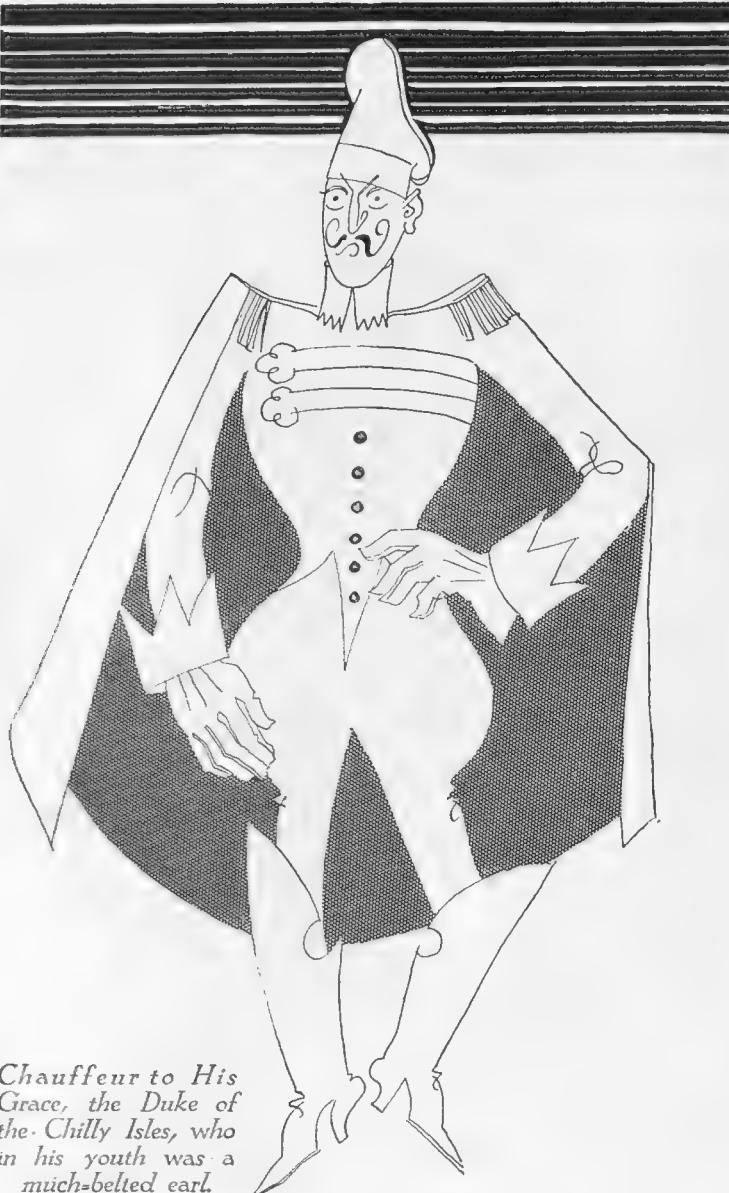
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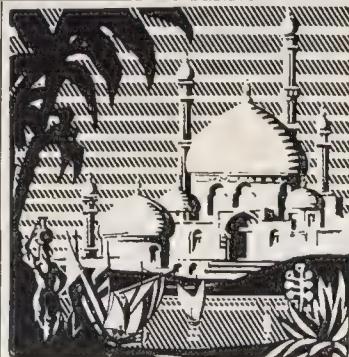
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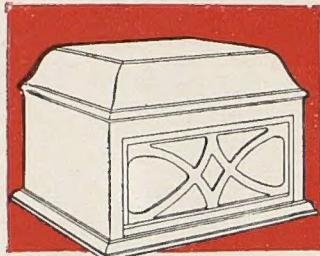
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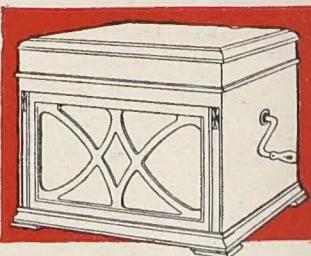


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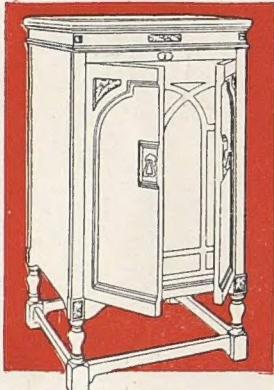
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